

*in this issue*

**\$10,000 PRIZE CONTEST**

MID-WEEK  
**Pictorial**  
THE NEWSPICTURE WEEKLY

1125

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CENTS**

November 25, 1936  
Vol. XLIV No. 15





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### JUST WRITE A TITLE FOR THIS PICTURE

Wouldn't *YOU* like to win \$5,000 . . . \$1,000 . . . \$500? Or any one of the *other* 250 cash prizes offered in this easy, simple contest? Think what you could do with that money! Take that trip . . . buy that home . . . start that business . . . pay your debts . . . realize your fondest dreams! And it's so **EASY**! All you need do is write a simple title of not more than 20 words for the photo shown in this announcement. Somebody's going to cash in! *It might be you!*

#### YOU CAN'T LOSE!

Everybody has an equal chance at these big cash prizes! There are 253 chances of winning . . . but even if you don't get one of the cash prizes, you can't lose! Because everyone who enters this \$10,000 Title Contest will receive twelve weekly issues of "MID-WEEK PICTORIAL" PLUS an opportunity to write a title for a picture that may win for you one of the big cash prizes! Today, over 100,000 more people are buying "MID-WEEK PICTORIAL" than three months ago! Hundreds, yes thousands, have told us that one issue alone is worth the price of an entire year's subscription!

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As a subscriber to "MID-WEEK PICTORIAL", it does not cost you one cent to enter this amazing contest! And—more than that—you do not have to subscribe for one year—or two years! No! To make it still easier, we are offering a special three-months' trial subscription—12 weekly issues—for only \$1! Think of it! For only \$1 you get 12 weekly issues of "MID-WEEK PICTORIAL", regularly costing ten cents each at newsstands—plus the opportunity to enter this easy, simple contest and win one of the 253 big cash prizes!

All you need do to enter this easy Prize Contest is:

1. Write your suggested title in space provided in coupon.
2. Fill in your name and address legibly.
3. Mail the coupon at once with a dollar bill, check or money order.

#### THE JUDGES

Mary Pickford  
Lowell Thomas  
Heywood Broun

## CONTEST CLOSES JANUARY 30 PRIZES AWARDED BEFORE FEBRUARY 15

(IN CASE OF TIES DUPLICATE PRIZES WILL BE AWARDED)

### THIS COUPON MAY BE WORTH \$5,000 TO YOU!

#### TITLES LIKE THESE

It's easy to write a title or caption for this news picture. You don't need literary ability! Contests like this are usually won by people who have no writing experience whatever. It's what you say that counts. Here are a few examples: "The Last Mile"; "Brother vs. Brother"; "The Horrors of War"; "Revolution"; "War Is Hell". You can write titles just as good as these for this news picture which shows the horrors of revolution!

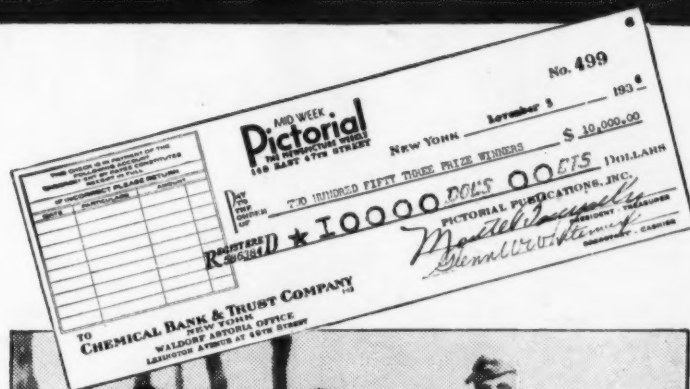
#### WHY THIS CONTEST?

We offer you the opportunity to enter this unique "You Can't Lose" contest and win one of the \$10,000 in cash prizes because we feel it's the best way to acquaint you with something you can't afford to miss—something new in journalistic technique. An entirely *different* magazine—the only one of its kind—"MID-WEEK PICTORIAL"—The Newspicture Weekly! Everything about this sensational magazine is *new* except its name! Established for over 22 years "MID-WEEK PICTORIAL" today has an entirely new appearance . . . sparkling new life and excitement! Between two covers, "MID-WEEK PICTORIAL" each week brings you graphically . . . colorfully . . . *pictorially* the outstanding news and personalities of the world!

#### ABSOLUTELY LEGAL

Don't confuse this \$10,000 CASH PRIZE CONTEST with any other you may have heard about. It is a contest of skill and imagination—absolutely legal—sponsored by "MID-WEEK PICTORIAL", a reputable publication established for over 22 years! The Judges are world-famous people: Mary Pickford, Lowell Thomas, Heywood Broun. The winners, and their prize-winning titles, will be publicly announced. Remember, you do not need any unusual ability or special instructions to enter. All you need do is study this picture and decide what caption or title you think describes it best.

**DON'T DELAY!** Send in the Contest Entry Coupon, enclosing \$1 for the special three months' (12 issues) trial subscription to "MID-WEEK PICTORIAL", so that you may start receiving this exciting new-type magazine immediately—and at the same time be eligible for one of these big cash prizes! Don't put it off! Your title may be a winner!



This Photo shows a captured Spanish Loyalist, ahead of whom looms a grim wall and a Fascist firing squad.

## \$10,000.00 IN CASH PRIZES

will be awarded for the 253 best titles of 20 words (or less) describing this news-picture.

FIRST PRIZE . . . . .	\$5,000.00
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Contest Manager  
"MID-WEEK PICTORIAL"  
148 East 47th Street, New York City

I herewith enclose \$1 (cash, check or money-order) for the three months (12 issues) trial subscription to "MID-WEEK PICTORIAL" The Newspicture Weekly. You are to send me my Contest Receipt within 5 days.

MY SUGGESTED TITLE IS:

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CITY . . . . . STATE . . . . .

(If you prefer you can mail this coupon and your \$1 now, and send your Picture Title any time before the close of the Contest.)



# MID-WEEK Pictorial

THE NEWSPICTURE WEEKLY

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

## Cross Currents

It is not too early to think of 1940 because there never was a next election so close upon the smoke of the last. Politicians of all faiths are thinking hard of nothing else these days. And when politicians devote themselves to a problem, the rest of us had better give it some thought, too.

Of course, the thing that puzzles all the political thinkers is the new American Popular Front—to use an ill-treated and much misunderstood term, boldly.

In political usage, the word Front, capitalized, came to be applied to the various political unions forced upon European politicians by the multi-party system when no party gained a clear majority at the polls, and when two or more found common ground long enough to form a common front and thereby set up a government.

Fascists called for a National Front with which to obliterate opposition parties. Communists, also rooting out opposition, created a Workers Front for party solidarity. More recently, Popular Fronts enabled French and Spanish Leftists to form governments without, however, molesting the opposition; except that, in Spain, the opposition rebelled, and the civil war ensued.

With such a turbulent, intolerant history, we do not identify the forces which elected Roosevelt for a second term. They are the nearest approach to an American Popular Front we have had in this country since the elections of Washington and of Jackson.

The American Popular Front which elected Roosevelt, with all respects to the organizing genius of Postmaster Farley, was nevertheless the surging of forces usually little reckoned with by politicians. They constituted the very forgotten men and women whom the President uncovered in the 1932 campaign, and whose lot was made so much the concern of the New Deal.

The American Popular Front was made up of men and women who think for themselves, whose partisanship was set aside for principles, who regarded human rights as vital, the right to work, the right to security, to "a more abundant life."

Once, such people were called forward-looking, progressive, liberal, sometimes even radical. But such words have lost their meaning as politicians of all parties tacked them on their banners and used them as shibboleths to win votes.

The significance of the upsurge of the American Popular Front is that 25,000,000 people could not be fooled,

they thought things out for themselves, and they won.

Their victory cut across all parties. It decimated the Republicans and brought that once proud party to its lowest ebb. It blasted the self-styled Jefferson Democrats and Liberty League. It left little vestiges of the widely publicized Union Party and the Townsend Plan Party. It reduced the voting strengths of the Socialists, the Social Labor and the Communist Parties to such an extent they will be off the ballots in many states.

However, it created one new party, the Labor Party, and strengthened another, the Farmer Labor Party. And while some say these were the creatures of Farley's political mind to take votes away from Socialists and Communists, the fact remains they cast their votes for Roosevelt under their own labels and are now in a position to use those labels as independent parties.

Without the personality of Roosevelt, where will this great coalition we call the first American Popular Front go in 1940? Will it disintegrate as so many popular movements do? Will it find a new leader? Or will it be possible to organize it as a party and a lasting new force in American politics?

It is doubtful if two thirds of the electorate, which roundly made up the Roosevelt vote, can be held together for any other candidate. Roosevelt combines aristocratic antecedents with proven performance for the common good, attracting votes from all classes, drawing strength from all sides.

But such independence, such zeal and such militancy as brought forth the first American Popular Front is potentially a force which can be called out again by the same earnest concern for the common good, and can be held together by aggressive leadership. It can founder only on the old dangers of personal jealousies and class misunderstanding. They can be lost if the old catch words of partisanship are dusted off and presented in bright, new, misleading colors. In other words, to preserve their positions as free thinkers, they will have to be eternally watchful.

Meantime, the off-year elections for Congress are only two years off. There is time to organize the new American Popular Front and show its effectiveness outside the Democratic fold. If they divide now, they will hearten the forces of reaction. If they go forward, they can found a party of sane, sound, workers and farmers whose overwhelming endorsement of the New Deal points the way along which they will follow.



**FARMER.** Flushed with success, the farmer demands more consideration and wonders if he can go along with the city worker politically



**WORKER.** The most potent factor in the recent landslide, the worker feels his power and is tempted to use it in a party of his own

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# MID-WEEK Pictorial THE NEWSPICTURE WEEKLY

Editor and Publisher: Monte Bourjaily  
Managing Editor: Franz Hoellering

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November 25, 1936

## Men—here's RAZOR BLADE NEWS

# 80

# MARLIN

### SURGICAL STEEL BLADES

# \$1.00

*Guaranteed by*  
**The Makers of Marlin Guns**  
**Famous Since 1870**

Read that heading again if you think you've made a mistake. That's right—80 Marlin Double Edge Blades, to fit standard double edge razors, for one dollar! No wonder most of the shavers in New Haven, where those straight-shooting Marlin firearms have been made since 1870, are already using these new blades! Throughout the country, thousands of men are turning to Marlin, the scientifically hardened Swedish surgical steel blades with the scalpel edge.

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### MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

Order a package of Marlin blades today. Use five, comparing them critically with any you've ever used, at ANY price. If not wholly satisfied, return the rest of the package, and we'll instantly refund your dollar, plus postage.

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NEW HAVEN

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I enclose \$1.00, for which please send me a package of 80 Marlin Surgical Steel Razor Blades, double edge style. I understand that, if I do not like Marlin blades after using five, I may return the balance to you, and you will refund the full purchase price, plus postage.

(If you prefer, order 40 for 50¢ ☐ 160 for \$2.00 ☐)

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International

Secretary of State Cordell Hull saying a few words for the newsreels before sailing for the Pan American Conference in Buenos Aires



International

The Houses of Parliament in Buenos Aires, which may be the scene of the making of "a lasting peace in the Western Hemisphere"

## The President— "Good Neighbor"

Twenty-one republics ready to greet Franklin D. Roosevelt as Apostle of Good Will in International Peace Conference

WILL December first become a significant date in the history of Pan-American relationships? Will the proposed visit of President Roosevelt to the Buenos Aires Inter-American Conference succeed in creating, in the words of Secretary of State Hull, leader of the American delegation, "a lasting peace in the Western Hemisphere?"

Behind the diplomatic flatteries and congratulations which have flown up and down the continents since Argentinian President Justo wired an invitation to Roosevelt to extend his contemplated "sea voyage" to the capital of the Argentine, lies serious purpose. Twenty-one republics of the Western world will be assembled in Buenos Aires. Diplomats, foreign ministers, presidents, ambassadors, the pomp and official



International

As buglers throughout the Chaco zone sounded "Cease Fire," representatives of Paraguay and Bolivia met and signed a truce that ended three years of war between them in the Chaco

The New Deal foreign policy of the "good neighbor" now reaches below the Panama Canal. Should a diplomatic alliance, with corresponding military clauses, be signed over a green table in Buenos Aires, it is possible that the convention will be the birth-place of an "American Entente," with the United States as the big gun in the Western arsenal. It remains, however, to be seen whether the Roosevelt influence is strong and welcome enough in South and Central America to achieve an alliance of the two continents. British and German influence has been operative for decades in the affairs of the republics. "A lasting peace," bound and signed by the twenty-one states would create a powerful community of interest, reaching from the St. Lawrence Canal to Tierra del Fuego.



Wide World

President Franklin Delano Roosevelt, has been invited to the Buenos Aires Inter-American Conference

cream of western diplomacy will be present. But there will also be present the scientific societies, the womens' committees, the anti-war congresses, which have labored and toiled unceasingly for inter-American political understanding these many years.

The congress will attempt to achieve "positive" results in Pan-American progress, to achieve in the fervency of the President's acceptance message, the elimination of "the scourge of armed conflict from the Western Hemisphere."

Mr. Roosevelt is in a favorable position to lend prestige to America's plea. The republics of the South have expressed admiration for the White House occupant's "social idealism," and have credited him with working toward an internal policy of "state socialism designed to eliminate the concentration of great wealth" in the United States. The Southern republics, remembering the ransacking of their oil and coal reserves, have ample reason to appre-

ciate the "elimination" of American monopolies.

This will be the eighth pan-American convention in the history of inter-continental politics. The last, at Montevideo, in 1933, heard its diplomatic gestures toward "peace" punctuated by the guns of Paraguay and Bolivia hammering at each other in the Gran Chaco. The Buenos Aires Conference still has the Chaco dispute on its agenda.

Diplomacy, peace and business go together. Secretary Hull has expressed the uncontested opinion that an economic foundation is necessary when peace and politics is discussed. Roosevelt, liked in the Southern hemisphere, undoubtedly will help to create that atmosphere of friendliness in which trade bargains are settled and pacts signed.

Thus, far-reaching international changes may result from a "sea voyage." Broad oceans may separate the Americas from Europe, but "neutrality" has proved a vulnerable armor in the past, and it may again.



Argentine Information Bureau

General Augustin P. Justo, President of the Argentine Republic, who will be host at the Conference

MID-WEEK PICTORIAL, The Newpicture Weekly



# Spain's Ship of Death

**A fog of mystery—rumor—fear—surrounds this floating prison where aristocrats, diplomats, traitors and "enemies of the Republic" are swallowed up in grim silence**

**A**N OLD, weather-beaten steamer, her rusty anchor chains holding her motionless in the bay, floats in the harbor of Barcelona, freighted with a motley crowd of uneasy passengers, many of whom will never see port again. Branded as enemies of the legitimist government of Spain, they have been sent to this modern equivalent of the ancient galley "for safe keeping." How safely they will be kept depends upon the measure of the political crimes of which they have been accused and convicted.

Around this vessel, whose decks seem deserted as she sways at her moorings, many ghastly rumors and unverified reports have arisen. If one-tenth of these reports were true, the prison ship Uruguay would now be at the bottom of the harbor, with



The Loyalist military captain of the Uruguay . . .

aware of the plots of Fascist sympathizers, established a "Tribunal Popular," a semi-military court elected to sit in judgment on the accused, and considered each case individually. Those found guilty of actually plotting with or aiding the Fascists, guilty of armed rebellion (which is a capital crime in any country in the world) were sentenced to death by shooting. But there was no annihilation by wholesale, without trial and without mercy.

The prison ship Uruguay, it was also reported, was to be dynamited in retaliation for threats of bombing the city of Barcelona. If this were done—which at this writing has not been done—the loyalist government might well reply with specific accounts of the horrible Fascist orgies of murder at Badajoz, the Moorish outrages against the poor miners of Oviedo, and civilian massacres that



The prison-ship Uruguay at anchor in Barcelona . . .

have everywhere marked the frightful passage of the African mercenaries under Fascism's banners.



Guards patrol the Uruguay

five hundred dead men rotting in its holds.

The passenger list of the Uruguay is as distinguished as that of a crack Atlantic liner. Royalists, diplomats, wealthy hidalgos, one-time proprietors of vast landed estates constitute the bulk of "first class" prisoners. But in the unholy steerage they rub elbows with the lowest of humanity, underworld characters, procurers, spies.

Many of the oldest families of Spain have contributed to the cargo of prisoners. Suspected, perhaps because of birth or fortune, or perhaps because of actually overt acts, of participation in the Fascist rebellion, they were rounded up in the early days of disturbance, by the swift hand of the People's Front Police. In the madness and terrorism of the moment, there was only one secure place for them, and that was on the Uruguay. Their imprisonment on shipboard, it might be said, was as much a measure of protection for them against the natural rage of a people who felt they were betrayed, as it was a punitive action by the Constitutional government.

Establishment of the prison ship naturally brought thousands of "atrocities" rumors, spread by correspondents who worked their imaginations overtime. From Fascist sources came tales of starvation, assault, brutality and torture. It was even reported that the Uruguay had been taken to sea and scuttled, with three hundred luckless Fascist officers, exactly as similar "noyades" marked the French Revolution during its bloodiest aspect.

It is doubtless true that many of the prisoners no longer live, and that many others may never set foot on dry land again. But, according to the latest communication, the penalty for suspected rebellion has not always been death. The Government,



The "Tribunal Popular," judges and witnesses, speed toward the prison-ship



The only woman on ship—a hospital nurse



The prisoners await their trial—Nationalists jailed on the Uruguay . . .

All photos by Keys.





International

Georgia Drew Barrymore and her children. John is the littlest



International

John Barrymore in the palmy, or pre-Costello, days



Wide World

A moment of recuperative repentance passes like a shadow



Wide World

The famous physiognomy caught in a lawsuit

## Why Do They All Marry Barrymore?

Like his botanical brother the Venus Fly-Trap, John lures the girls in a variety of ways and gets them inex-

tricably entangled in his affections; and once every seven years with clock-like precision he marries one

**M**OVING into the internationally famous Barrymore trophy room is a 21-year-old brunette named Elaine Jacobs. This transfer of menage marks the third time that John Barrymore has followed his own footsteps to the altar. The first Barrymore tracks were placed in matrimonial sands when Elaine was a savings-account in the Jacobs household budget.

In 1910, Katherine Harris of Hampton and Newport, whose mother owned a rapidly cooling half-million dollars, put purpose in the Barrymore eye with her dark young beauty. After a stormy session during which Harris mere and pere missed each other in mid-ocean as each was posting to the other side of the Atlantic to claim Katherine, John married the girl. Seven years later, after Katherine's divorce, Mrs. Leonard M. Thomas, better known as Michael Strange, so captivated John that every night after playing *Richard III* he taxied to her apartment,

never pausing to take off his armor. The buffets of new romance proving too much for him, he closed the play in mid-run and went to a sanatorium to think it over. Mrs. Thomas talked to her husband, who agreed to a divorce, and soon the Barrymore apple-cart resumed its natural course with Michael Strange as cargo. One year after the marriage a daughter, Diana, was born.

Seven years of living with a profile found Michael exhaustedly approaching the age of forty and Diana the age of six. In 1928 John jumped off the water-wagon and landed in a divorce suit. A 22-year-old blonde named Dolores Costello, with John's (periodically) able and charming help, picked up the pieces and put them together again at the altar in California. After six years, the sad-eyed Dolores lost her sense of humor and John took an indefinite "trip to India," getting only as far as the Doctor's Hospital in New York. There he made the mistake of



The right, or fried-egg, profile



Barrymore as Mercutio in "Romeo and Juliet"



"The Mad Genius", left profile





Acme

Katherine Harris Barrymore, with pet



Wide World

Michael Strange Barrymore and Diana



Dolores Costello Barrymore and children

answering a fan letter by telephone, and immediately there entered altar-prospect number four: Elaine Jacobs. After John's "blessed interlude" with Elaine, including shopping expeditions, night club excursions, and a yacht trip, the current Mrs. Barrymore gathered up her two children and demanded a divorce. Two weeks after the final decree, the matrimonial habit proving strong and Elaine's perseverance even stronger, John was married again.

Why do women marry John Barrymore with such unfaltering persistence? Elaine Jacobs not only brought flowers to the hospital, but changed her name to Barrie to get closer to the real thing, and pursued the dear fleeting profile across the continent by plane. The famous Elsie Janis attempted something of the same sort before the Armistice, but John's resistance was stronger in those days.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox, poetess, found bad drawings of the Dore school being printed as illustrations to her poems, and angrily called up Arthur Brisbane on the subject of this young, and bad, artist who called himself John Barrymore. John went to call on her, hat in hand, one evening at dusk. Several hours later, Miss Wilcox called up Mr. Brisbane in dulcet tones and requested that "Dear Mr. Barrymore" be allowed to illustrate her poems as long as he liked. Talullah Bankhead, then a plump and determined Southern lass, found Mr. Barrymore's words melting in her mouth for a period of time, but the star did not fall for Alabama. Mary Astor merely mentions him in her diary. Evelyn Nesbitt, figurehead in the Harry K. Thaw trial, (she of the Venus ankles), was Barrymore's "angel child" and very glad to play the role.

Periodically, the newspaper boys decide that John Barrymore has settled down. After each attack of "jungle fever," "influenza," "nervous collapse," and in one case "gallstones," he comes out the hospital door a drier and a saner man, and his "Never again!" echoes from Bar



International

Elaine Barrie Barrymore and groom

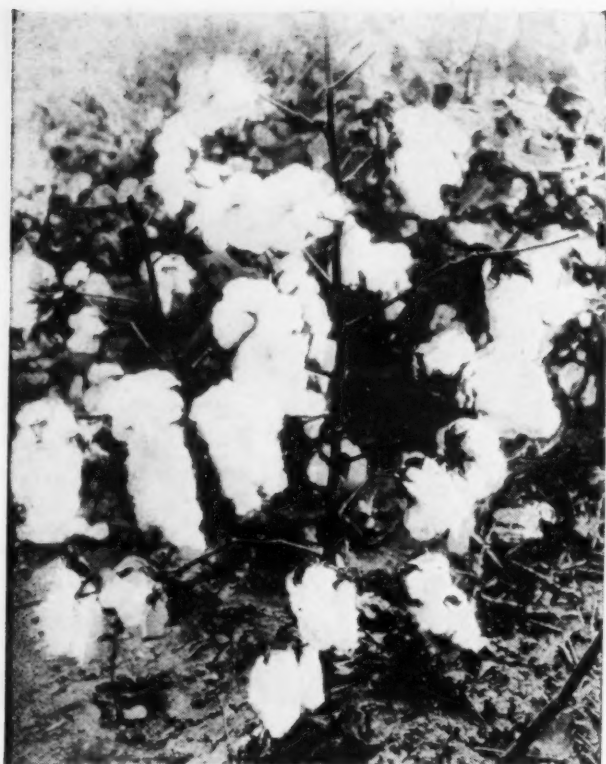
Harbor to Seattle. The Barrymore legend is perennial good copy.

The elements that make John Barrymore so fascinating to women are reflections on the nature of the female. He is a mad-cap, an incalculable genius, a target for publicity. He is also handsome, particularly when posed with a pipe that he never smokes. His vices are picturesque, as are his hobbies. His character is colorful, and he has with him at every turn the glamour, tricks, and charm of long stage experience. Also he is (every seven years) in a position to give a young ingenue the weight of the Barrymore name, and a rousing chance for stage success.

Give any woman a chance to "reform" a man, particularly a handsome actor posing as "disillusioned," and you can't see her for the dust. Let him have the chance to say, "My wife doesn't understand me," as he wearily turns toward the window, and his lamp becomes a 10,000 candle-power bulb to the little moth. Or let his reputation as a mad-cap, an erratic genius, a clever, scornful, outspoken man of the world, precede him to some quiet home harboring an ambitious and dramatic daughter, and she is off like a hound to the pursuit. Women want a man who will lend them qualities they haven't got. With peculiar feminine aptitude for shining by reflected glory, they will twine like mistletoe around a well-known oak. Let one woman fail before them, let one little blonde bite the dust, and the challenge is felt in all feminine boudoirs, and the man becomes a target for all the women in firing distance.

John Barrymore has been target under all these categories. Four wives and dozens of "dear names" bear ample witness to that. Meanwhile he is faithful to one love, and one alone. This is a vulture in the Barrymore bird collection. The vulture's name is Maloney. Barrymore has known him since he was an egg, and their warm exchange of mutual affection and understanding has never suffered a decline.





Authenticated News

Thirty million acres of plants like this are hand-picked in the U. S. each year



Ewing Galloway

Cotton is the world's only great crop so far not harvested by machinery. The plant's habit of maturing its bolls progressively has been the chief obstacle of mechanization

## Will the Rust Brothers Save the South or Ruin It?

**C**AN THE Rust brothers succeed in their plan to avert the dislocation of American life threatened by their mechanical cotton-picker?

If they were ordinary men they would never have presented the world with this question. Instead they would have settled down, now that their machine has reached a practical stage of development, and begun to manufacture and sell as many as possible, enjoying wealth and washing their hands of any sociological or economic convulsions that occurred in consequence.

But John D. Rust and Mack Rust are not ordinary men. The idea of enriching themselves with their invention has not been uppermost in their minds. They have announced that at no time would either of them take, as compensation from the company they formed to manufacture the picker, more than ten times what their lowest-paid employee received.

They built their machine to end

forever the primitive, backbreaking toil of Southern laborers and sharecroppers. They know what that labor is because as boys on a Texas farm they did it, dragging heavy sacks along rows of plants in the field, constantly stooping low to pick the white fleece.

But now they face the fact that if they unconditionally throw their labor-saving machine on the market, instead of its bringing increased leisure and freedom to toilers in the fields, it will most likely bring them unparalleled misery and destitution. For the picker is capable of doing the work of from 75 to 100 men, at a sixth the cost of hand picking.

It is estimated that an uncontrolled sale of the machine to every man who wants, and has the funds, to buy one, would result in about eighty percent of the laborers and sharecroppers of the cotton states—or nearly seven million persons—being turned off the land and rendered

homeless and unemployed.

The Rusts, being enlightened, social-minded men, remembering their own childhood in the cotton fields, are anxious to prevent such a catastrophe. But can they do it?

The Rusts believe they can. They propose not to sell their machines outright, but to lease them only to those cotton growers who will promise to maintain minimum wage and maximum work scales for their employees, abolish child labor and accept collective bargaining. Any lessor who fails to keep his pledges concerning conditions for his employees will automatically have the machine taken from him.

Earlier this year the brothers offered to place the marketing of the picker exclusively in the hands of the Southern Tenant Farmers' Union, a militant labor organization of both white and Negro sharecroppers. But the union had neither funds, facilities nor personnel enabling it to accept

this generous offer.

Thereupon, with Sherwood Eddy, well-known philanthropist, author and ex-Y. M. C. A. secretary, and Sam Franklin, the Rusts formed a trust called the Rust Foundation, vested with full marketing control of the machine. The Foundation is to take a nine-tenths share of the profits derived from selling the machine and with these funds it will found co-operative farms for people the picker throws out of work. These farms in turn will finance still other co-operative farms and schools until bit by bit the whole cotton belt will have been converted into one vast area of co-operatives, with the participants constantly gaining a more abundant life. In a word, the picker is to be utilized "with a view to ending unemployment and poverty in the South."

Yes—it is this high that the Rusts aim. Through their Foundation they hope not only to prevent comparatively few landowners from growing



Ewing Galloway

Three and sometimes four successive pickings spread over a period of three months are required to gather the fleece, and the plant itself must not be damaged



Ewing Galloway

Pickers are paid 50¢ to 75¢ a hundred pounds. If they concentrate they can pick a hundred to a hundred and fifty pounds a day. The Rust Foundation aims to improve their condition





John D. Rust has been testing the Rust picker in Russia this fall



Mack Rust learned engineering at the University of Texas

## Two brothers heroically struggle to make their mechanical cotton-picker regenerate the South, though it threatens to cause catastrophic unemployment. Can they succeed?

rich out of use of the machine while their displaced laborers starve, but they dream of making the picker a powerful instrument that all by itself will strike off the shackles of the malignant share-cropper system so firmly fastened to the South by inevitable historical circumstances—the system that is responsible for the horrible poverty, ignorance and misery of many Negroes and many whites in that section. The mechanical picker, the Rusts hope, is the one great bootstrap for lifting the South out of its age-long dilemma.

But will the scheme work?

Suppose that there are planters so breathlessly eager to lease the cotton-picker that they will even agree to accept the dictatorship of the Rusts concerning pay, hours and so on? How will the Rusts check up on whether the leasing agreements are being kept? If thousands, or tens of thousands, of machines are built and leased, can the Rusts set up enough courts to hear the complaints about broken agreements that are sure to be as numerous as those that came to the National Labor Relations Board during the life of N. R. A.?

But suppose that these leasing agreements are kept to the absolute letter by thousands of landowners scattered in isolated communities over ten states, and even over the face of the globe. As demand for the machine grows, money will be needed

for expansion of the factory that makes them. How will the Rusts finance this expansion? Will investors or banks be ready to provide funds for a firm which takes ninety percent of its profits for philanthropy? Won't the Rusts have to keep a larger share of profits to build up a surplus for emergencies of this sort?

Suppose, on the other hand, that American planters want the machine but refuse to meet the Rusts' stringent labor rules. Where an urgent demand exists for a certain article which one firm is offering at a price that buyers consider too high (whether the price is expressed in terms of purchase-money or conditions governing use) is it not possible that some other firm will try to give them the commodity at a lower price? In short, won't some less idealistic organization manufacture a cotton picker using the same principle as the Rusts' machine, sell it without

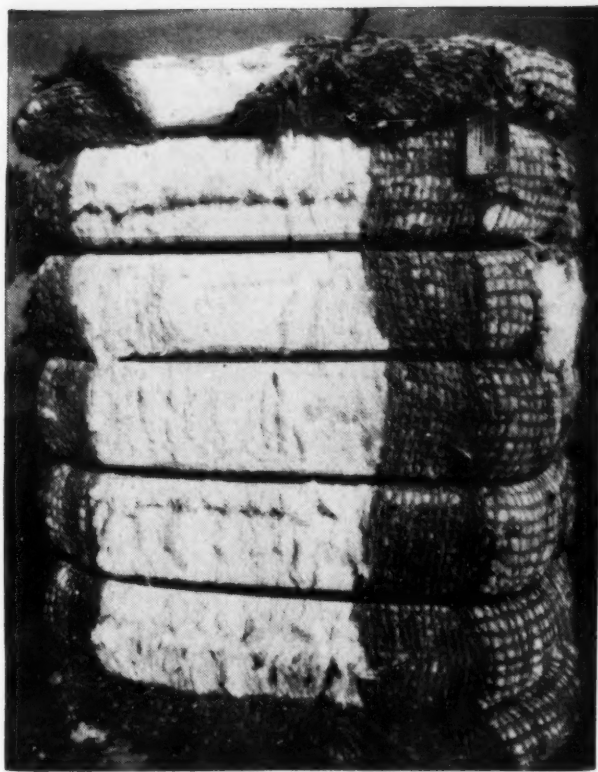
any strings attached, and leave the Rusts holding the bag?

The brothers can say that they hold air-tight patents on their picker. But patent-infringement cases are notoriously long, drawn-out affairs. Suppose some corporation with powerful financial backing boldly makes a picker varying a little from the Rusts' in a few inessentials but fundamentally based on their idea (as an important farm-implement company in the North is already said to be doing)—what can the Rusts do? Suppose they sue? Will they be too ill-equipped financially, through the very workings of their philanthropic set-up, to withstand a long struggle? Their enemy, growing richer from sales of the machine, can employ lawyers to tangle the case up for many years during which the Rusts will grow poorer—and the evils they sacrificed their own interests to avert will meanwhile have come into being.

Or suppose the Rusts can readily halt such thievery by an American manufacturer, what can they do if some foreign manufacturer, backed up by his government, unscrupulously pirates the picker for the greater efficiency of his cotton-producing fellow-countrymen? Won't those foreign growers be able to undersell American producers on the world market so drastically that the Rusts will have to throw the machine on the world market without restraint to save their fellow countrymen? All's fair in love and war—and world trade is a never-ending war in which international patents are blithely pirated when governments find it expedient.

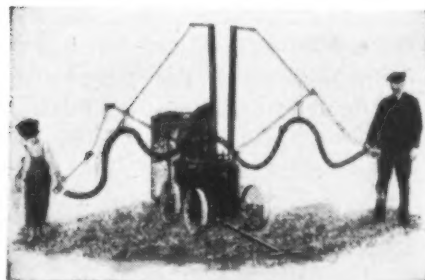
That the Rusts realize the danger of these possibilities is evident from their having plaintively appealed to the public, in newspapers and over the radio, for advice on how to con-

(Continued on next page)



Ewing Galloway

The U. S. produces eight to thirteen million bales annually, weighing 500 pounds each



An earlier attempt at a mechanical picker, devised by L. C. Stukenborg in 1918



International

A side view of the Rust picker. On recent tests it picked an acre an hour, 10,000 pounds of fiber and seed in a day, at a cost of 15¢ a hundred pounds



Wide World

Rear view showing "tunnel" that passes over the plants. Steel fingers discriminate between ripe and unripe bolls, get lint, leave the plant unharmed



trol the machine they have created. In their plant at Memphis, Tennessee, they are receiving numerous suggestions, but none that definitely solves the problem of how to prevent a machine, devised to benefit man, from becoming his bane.

It is not a problem solely of the South. True, at the beginning as the machine begins to be used widely it will cause only a sectional dislocation. But as the purchasing power of seven million dispossessed share-croppers—however small the amount of each individual's, an imposing amount in aggregate—is lost, merchants and banks in the towns will stagger under the blow and repercussions in manufacturing and banking in the North will also be felt.

At first the effect in the North will be less severe than in the South. But in the long run the effect in the North will be even more severe, more permanent. For the vast reservoir of unskilled labor the machine will create in the South, desperate for work at almost any wages at all, will enormously speed up the tendency, slowly growing for the last twenty-five years, of Northern manufacturers to move their plants to the South. In the end, after a long, bitter period of transition, the South may again become a great empire. But innumerable Northern towns thereby will be impoverished or depopulated. The economy of the entire United States east of the Rockies may be radically altered.

The invention of a mechanical cotton-picker has long been awaited to deliver the South's greatest industry, one of the world's most important crops, from methods unchanged since colonial times. It is a sad commentary on the intelligence of man that such a machine with its potentiality for uplifting great masses out of bitter toil may instead cause them an even more devastating poverty.

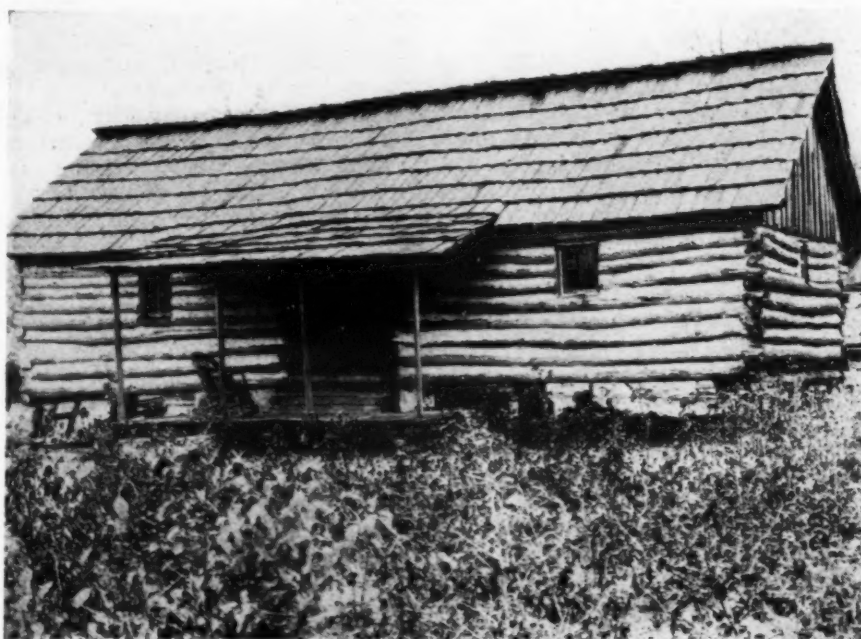
It is estimated that 42 million bales of cotton would be necessary each year to satisfy the real needs of the world population for this important commodity, instead of the 18 to 20 millions that have been produced in recent years.

There is not, of course, market for that much cotton at present, since the world's purchasing power is far below its consumption power, but it is probable that, after a period of dislocation following the introduction of the picker, the price of cotton will be halved. That may permit the world's population to purchase twice as much cotton in the form of clothing of various sorts, towels, sheets, curtains, films, etc. The world's total wealth, its standard of living, will then have been vastly raised. The worry of the Rusts, however, is not about that ultimate result of their invention's success. It is about the immediate result—that necessary and frightful period of readjustment, of dislocation.

## The Plight of Southern Share-Croppers



Mrs. James Bridges and her quadruplets just after their birth near Senath, Mo. Three of them died, the fourth is in a Memphis incubator



Where the quadruplets were born. Notice that the necessity to raise every possible pound of cotton precludes even a patch of lawn



Dr. Speidel, the assisting doctor, and James Bridges, the father. It was Dr. Speidel's second attendance at the birth of quadruplets

WHEN the McCormick reaper was invented, it did not cause the widespread ruin among grain farmers that the invention of the Rust cotton-picker now threatens to bring to many workers in the cotton fields. Instead it brought prosperity and relief from the bitter toil of scything wheat by hand. The different result feared from the belated arrival of a mechanical cotton harvester arises from two vexing factors.

One is that the grain harvester was invented at a time when the world needed every year more and more wheat. The reaper could therefore be used to increase the amount produced by keeping the same amount of farm labor employed. But today there is no increasing demand for cotton. The reverse is true—surplus production is the great problem. With the coming of a mechanical picker—and other forms of mechanization naturally accompanying it—which will vastly increase the productive capacity of each farm laborer, the same amount of cotton will probably be produced each year—with fewer farm laborers employed.

Apart from this condition of world economy, there is the other factor—the South's form of economy, as represented by the share-cropping system. The evils of this system are well exemplified by the case of the Bridges family, of Dunklin county, Missouri, who were suddenly catapulted into the news by the birth to Mrs. Bridges of quadruplets, three of whom died shortly after being born. Merely to look at the primitive kind of house in which they were born is to jump easily to the conclusion that their lives were lost due to the lack of even the most rudimentary sanitary conditions. And this house is more spacious and more solidly built than tens of thousands of cabins throughout the South occupied by Negro share croppers living in even worse misery and poverty.

The grain fields into which the McCormick reaper moved after the Civil War were cultivated mostly by independent farmers who owned their land and had the money or the credit to buy the new machine and use it for their own advantage. But the cotton fields of the South are today farmed mostly by propertyless tenants and share-croppers like the Bridges family.

Unquestionably the Rust picker will tend to eradicate this blighting share-cropping system. But will the eradication come in the form of one gigantic social convulsion, in which 80% of the 1,790,783 share-cropper families—estimated at 6,800,000 persons—will be evicted from the land and left to starve? Or can the old system be destroyed by uplifting those millions to a higher standard of living?



# DISTRIBUTION OF THE PEOPLE'S EARNINGS

FAMILIES

PERCENT OF POPULATION

ANNUAL INCOME

12,000,000

42%

Less than \$1500

8,000,000

29%

\$1500-2500

6,000,000

21%

\$2500-5000

1,500,000

5.6%

\$5000-10,000

600,000

2.4%

over 10,000

A Metropolitan Opera House audience, from Golden Horseshoe to gallery

## The Barrier to Social Security

Eighty percent of people, holding only two percent of savings, envision economic safety through the ballot box

THE ELECTION of 1936 was fought out and won on strictly economic lines. The rich, comparatively few in number, fought for continuation of the "status quo," for "The God of Things as They Are." The poor, overwhelmingly in the majority, fought for Change, for the wiping away of a system which, in the past, has set up an economic barrier beyond which they shall not pass. In a sense (and every well-fed clubman will agree) this was the confirmation of an economic revolution begun four years ago.

What is this barrier that stands between the masses and the few? At what point does the reservoir of the nation's wealth thin out and trickle in diminishing streams into the pockets and bank accounts of the many?

You can see for yourself where the barrier lies and where, below this barrier also lie all the power and strength and force that come through mass cohesion. You can fix this barrier mathematically, by using the nation's savings accounts—symbols of security—as your yardstick.

When you do this, you find:

Ten per cent of the population, with annual incomes averaging more than \$4600 a year, hold eighty-six percent of the nation's savings.

Another ten percent, with incomes from \$3100 to \$4600, hold twelve percent more.

And that leaves *eighty* percent of the people holding only two percent of the country's savings, which means that this great mass has the minimum of security.

Now if this great mass of people were to have only a "liberal diet" of

commodities, according to the Brookings Institute, this would require an increase in production of from seventy to eighty percent. Furthermore, their demands for commodities would take up the slack in our national production capacity, of which, in the thirty years from 1900 to 1930, only approximately twenty percent was utilized. There is a vast reserve of "power to produce" waiting to be turned to the advantage of the vast millions who go to make up the eighty percent "below the barrier."



# Man Faces Television—A New Power

What does the perfection of sight-broadcasting mean to the future of radio and the future of society?

Will it end the reign of the movies? Will it create a fantastic world? Is man's future "Iconoscopic"?

**T**HE room darkens to blackness. Suddenly, in the center of the raised lid of what seems to be an ordinary radio cabinet, an oblong of greenish, under-sea light appears, bathing a small screen in a weird luminosity. The light takes form. An image of two small girls in graduation dresses appears. Daintily, they draw aside a draped curtain, to reveal a smiling, beautifully gowned phantom who steps upon a small stage and greets you—across space. It is actually through space that she comes to you, through the ether that penetrates brick and stone walls, ether against which there are few barriers. For you are in the studio of the National Broadcasting Company, while she is far away, across the city. Wherever she is, she is facing a camera, but it is not a camera that records her smile, her movements, on any permanent film. Instead, this ingenious instrument is breaking up her image into a myriad of "dots" of light, and projecting these dots—now translated into electrical impulses—across space, to you. The machine in front of you is re-assembling these dots of light into the orderly pattern of the original "picture" taken by the camera. Watching this girl's smile, and hearing her voice, you are witnessing the first complete, commercial television experiments.

From the standpoint of historic importance, you are seeing an event comparable to the first flight of the Wright Brothers at Kitty Hawk, when gaping unbelievers watched



Wide World

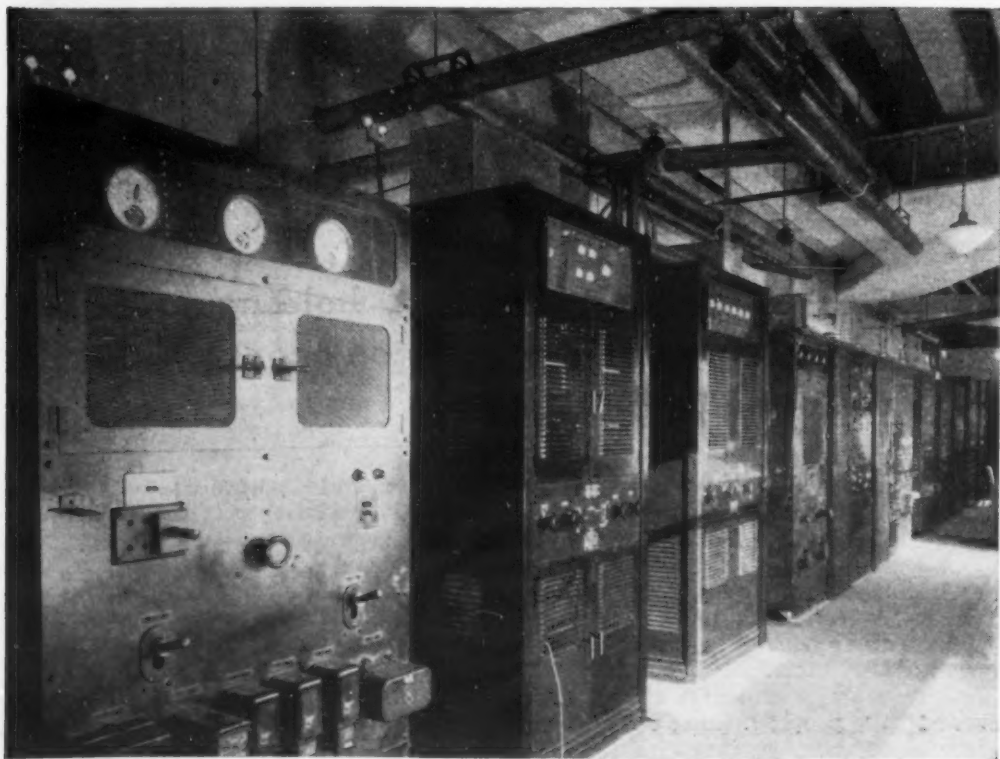
A Television Receiver which reflects the scene being transmitted from "Iconoscope" cameras in the television studios. The picture is reflected by a mirror. Dials tune in sight and sound

the "impossible," a contraption of wood, wire and cloth, rising into the air under its own power. Or that momentous occasion when Samuel F. Morse sat in a small room with a strange instrument before him, spelling out in a new code the words, "what God hath wrought!"

As you watch the graceful movements of the actress in this drama before you, your thoughts are perhaps occupied with speculation as to what this miracle will mean to American life, rather than with the momentary enjoyment of the program now unfolded. Naturally, your first realization is that this instrument will bring to you, in your city apartment or your country farmhouse, not only vaudeville, drama, opera, sport, but the important scenes of the current parade of life itself—coronations and inaugurations (political conventions, public hearings, even battle scenes and revolutions. And these vital, moving scenes will be transmitted to you, in your home, as they occur.

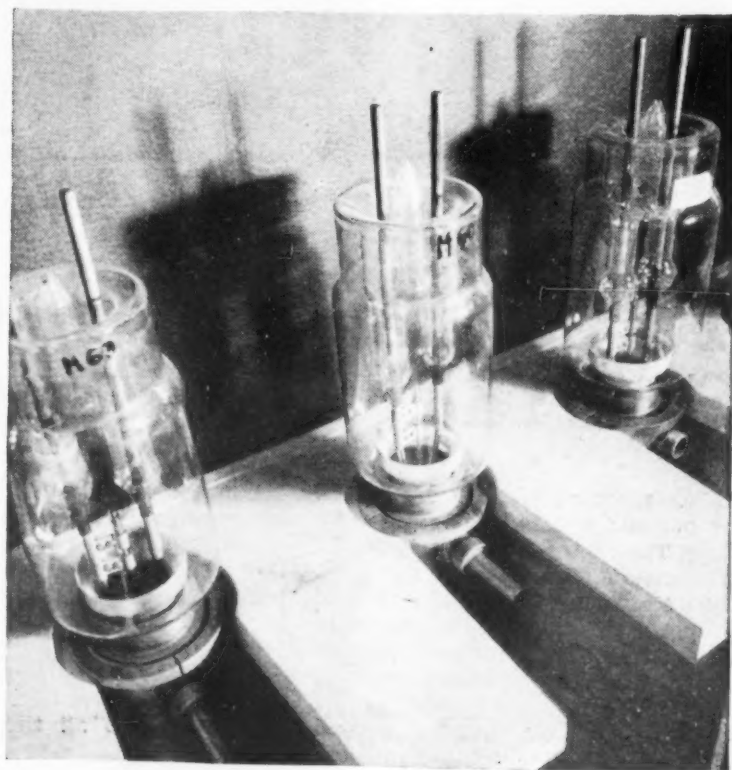
Do not imagine, however, that all this development is immediately at hand, or even around the nearest corner. For the present, that little greenish screen may give you a pair of clever tap dancers, a Wisconsin opera singer who polished the rough edges of her voice in a Vienna coffee-house, or a moon-faced comedian who happens to be the current hit of The Follies. The rest of it, the important part of the whole miracle, is yet to come.

Certainly, too, as you consider the



NBC Photo

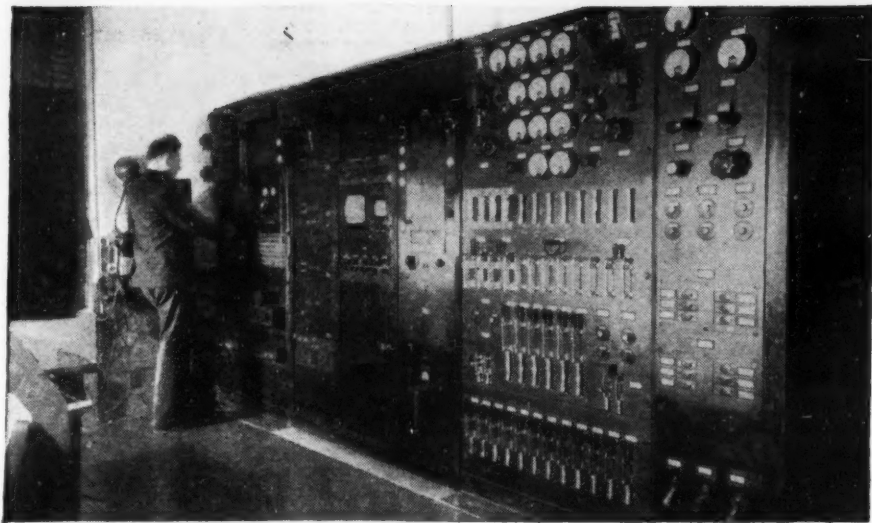
The Transmitting Room. These units make it possible to transmit sight and sound simultaneously. They are audio and video transmitters. The television program rides up the antennae on top of the Empire State Building



NBC Photo

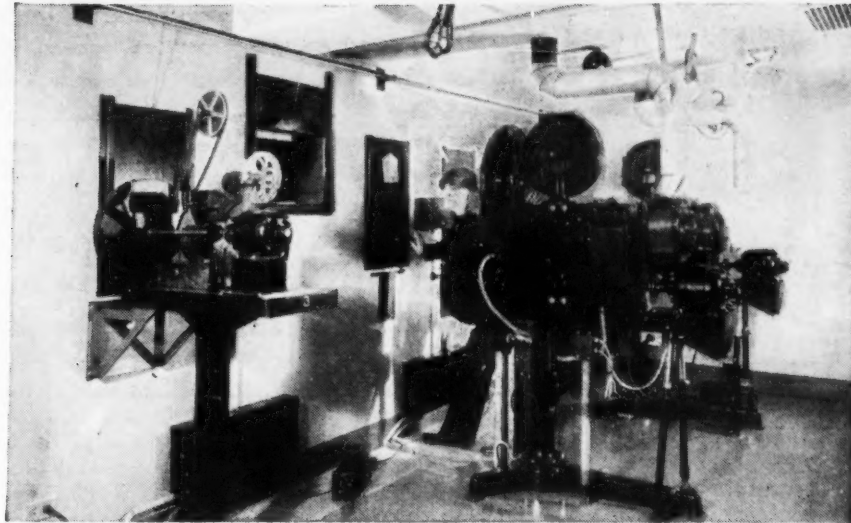
Television Tubes. Two of these high-frequency tubes cost the price of two medium priced cars. The tubes amplify the television picture signal





NBC Photo

**The Control Room.** This control panel, which resembles the ordinary panel of sound broadcasting, contains the plug of the "coaxial cable" through which the air-pictures are transmitted



NBC Photo

**The Scanning Room.** Television transmits both studio pickups (with live talent) and motion picture film. Here a projection machine is shown transmitting a movie into the "Iconoscope" camera

possibilities of this instrument, you contemplate, rather grimly, the almost certain uses our masters of merchandising will find for it. Perhaps you will shudder when you realize that the announcer on the Flederman's yeast program will demonstrate that the article he is plugging tastes fine, sharpens the teeth and perfumes the breath, and eat a cake to prove it.

But serious social consequences are bound to result from the perfection of television, and there will be many changes in human relationships. If radio has permitted unseen leaders to project their voice-personalities into millions of homes and thus influence their thinking, how greatly will this influence be altered or enhanced by the actual sight of these men in action at the great and dramatic moments of their actual appeal to the people?

One can envision (although this may be in the far, far future) a Fritz Lang's "Metropolis," which the owner of a factory might control, operate and observe his plant from a distance of hundreds of miles through the "Iconoscope" camera. Remember the hard-hearted boss who watched Charlie Chaplin, the worker in "Modern Times," through his television set, and harried him forth from the wash room where the unfortunate man had taken refuge for a quiet smoke?

The movie world may be revolutionized, perhaps destroyed, together with the theater, and new forms of drama may arise. Television drama will need no movie palaces or barn-like houses for its audience. The audience will be in your home.

Consider television, again, in the light of an agency for the transmission of current news. How will this affect the daily newspaper? The newspaper records the world's life, but it cannot compete against the element of time. Radio commentators and radio reporters, in the fields of politics, finance, or crime, already

have proved that, and today they provide a constant threat against the Fourth Estate. With the great public able, as they will be, to watch a prize fight as it takes place, to see a horse race, to witness the actions and antics of politicians, what becomes of the cold, printed description of the scene?

True, these are speculative thoughts. But who, seeing the eyeball shattering, dizzy, flickering efforts of the first movies, could visualize the development of that great industry and its impress upon modern life? Who, amused by the silly

efforts of the Wright Brothers, had imagination enough to see great argosies of the sky or the brilliant liners of the air, shuttling steadily between the continents?

Again a note of warning: Although television is commercially possible, it is in its infancy, and it is not even a lusty infant. In the wailings of this infant, you will find, first, that the television sets themselves are now too expensive to provide wide distribution or mass production; that interference by other electrical apparatus, by perverse acts of nature, even by such a mild disturbance as an airplane engine in the neighborhood, will make your images dance off the screen and into a deep fog; that the cost of sufficient broadcasting stations to cover the continent would be prohibitive; that television now has only a twenty-five mile range.

There is a final, economic phase that has yet to be considered. A national or continental system for television broadcasting would demand a major financial operation. Limited, as it is today, by a 25-mile radius, complete coverage of the United States by a television chain would involve the erection of a network of broadcasting stations—each of them costing perhaps \$40,000—and an outlay not of millions but of billions would be involved, but we haven't reached that headache yet.



NBC Photo

**Lenox R. Lohr, President of National Broadcasting Company—**



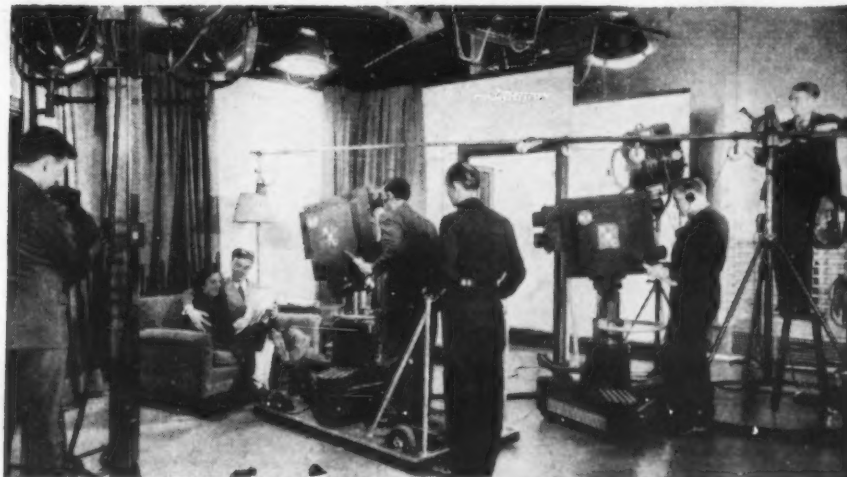
NBC Photo

**David Sarnoff, President of Radio Corporation of America**



NBC Photo

**Making up for a television program.** The art of make-up is a necessary accomplishment for sight broadcasting



Wide World

**A scene in the television studio.** Broadcasting a pick-up with live talent. This is what the studios will look like in the future



# Antoine Commands— Milady Obeys

**Cierplikowski has become the world's richest, most influential coiffeur by bullying women of fashion with his egotistic self-confidence**

**M**ENTION the name of Antoine Cierplikowski and few people will know that you are talking about anyone in particular. Add that he was born in Lodz, Poland, that he emigrated to Paris in 1912, and there is still nothing recognizable about the gentleman. But add further that he is a coiffeur, usually calling himself simply Antoine of Paris, and every woman who thinks twice about her appearance knows that you are talking about the world's most famous hairdresser.

Once it was as much a matter of course for ladies of royal or aristocratic birth to command hairdressers as it was for them to give orders to their personal servants, and hairdressers leaped to obey them. But Antoine has turned upside down all such distinctions of caste. He commands and they obey.

He himself tells how in his early days a marquise came to his salon a half hour late for an appointment. Antoine had begun to work on another customer and refused to attend the late-comer.

"But Antoine," she pleaded, "I am going to an important dinner party tonight. My hair looks dreadful, you simply must take care of me."

"You are late," he said with crisp finality.

"But you must," she said. "I will pay you double."

"Not for ten times," declared Antoine. "I am busy."

"I know that woman in the chair. She is just a merchant's wife, and not a rich merchant at that."

"For me every woman is alike—each is a great lady."

And so the rich, the well-born, the fashionable women of Paris had to accept Antoine on his terms. Instead of haughtily giving orders, they humbly took orders from him. There were thousands of wealthy and smart women in pre-war Paris, with-

out any notable talents to give them real power to command, but there was only one Antoine, and he had something—something that a lot of people wanted, that consequently could command a good price, in money and in less tangible tribute. He had a unique genius for arranging women's hair. When these wom-

en sat down in his chair they might say how they wanted their hair done, but Antoine would do it the way he wanted it, and if they didn't like it they need not come again. But they always did come again.

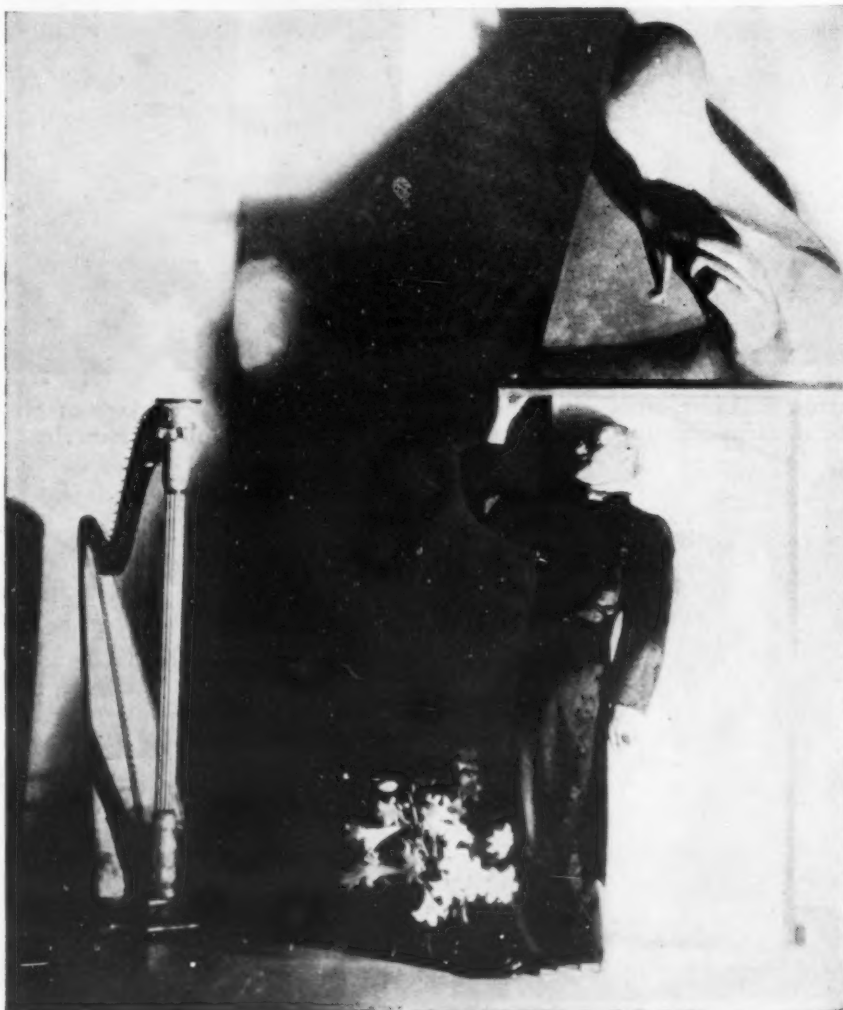
Like desperately sick people coming to a famous physician as the one and only man who can save their



Authenticated News  
Antoine, now nearing fifty



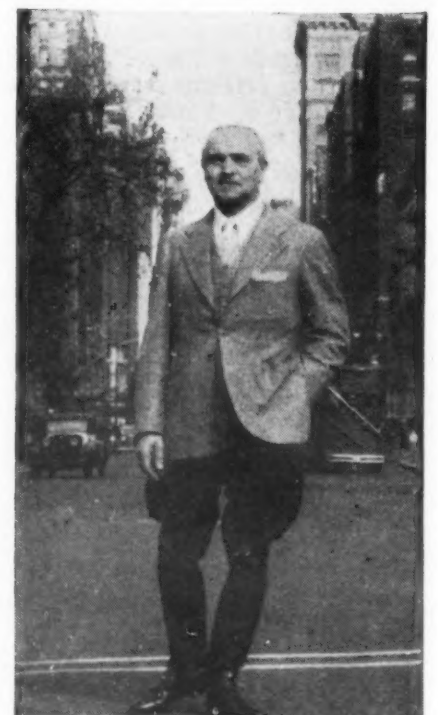
Authenticated News  
One of the planes that curling, plaiting and combing women's hair has bought Antoine



Authenticated News  
In his Paris home he gives freest play to his eccentricities. Shown here, he is wearing glass heels on his shoes



Boisgontier  
Sculpturing is Antoine's favorite indoor sport



Authenticated News  
In Washington Square, New York, after a horseback ride

lives, so women whose beauty was in desperate need of assistance, came to him in floods and begged for his magic touch at any price.

By exercising this power he has now become as rich as most of his customers. Today he has twenty-five branch hair-dressing shops in the United States, two in Australia, one in London, two in France, in addition to his 42-room "studio" in the rue St. Didier in Paris, and a big factory at Gravigny, France, for manufacturing 85 different beauty products.

He lives in Paris in winter in a luxurious apartment at 1 Avenue Paul Doumer. In summer he lives at an equally luxurious summer home near Versailles, in connection with which he has his private airport from which to fly his two aeroplanes. His imagination and skill at dressing the hair of smart women on three continents have made it possible for him to pursue his hobby of aviation to the extent of flying over a half million miles, winning numerous prizes.

His success has also permitted him to indulge to the full his capacity for eccentricity. He gratifies his preoccupation with death, for example,





Boisgontier



Boisgontier



Authenticated News



Boisgontier

In Antoine's work it is sometimes difficult to find the line dividing coiffure from millinery. When a woman's own hair cannot be dressed satisfactorily he suggests wigs of lacquered human hair, or lacquered organdie, like those shown on these Paris models

by sleeping always in a glass coffin, and he has built a magnificent tomb for himself on his country estate.

In person he is amazing. In fluent, if somewhat heavily accented English, he talks rapidly, overwhelmingly—about himself. His clothes are arresting bizarre. This day, in his New York shop, he wore a flannel shirt of pale lemon color, the soft collar with nine rows of stitching extending to points half-way down his chest, a tie in a loose knot the size of an orange, an oddly-cut indigo-blue suit with cuffless trousers, socks matching his shirt, and deep-blue shoes of reversed calf.

But the man himself far surpasses his clothes. There is a slight trace of effeminacy in him, but it does not interfere with his peremptory manner of curt, stern authority. He has monumental self-confidence. One feels he could annihilate the most mighty with one icy word.

His eyes have a shape and unnatural blue color that seem to have been conceived by an opium-eating maker of masks. His hair seems to be dyed a fantastic navy blue, and then streaked with white grease-paint, all of it trained to sweep upward—up



Boisgontier

An original conception of Antoine's, in yellow, made of horse-hair braid

from his brow, up from his temples, from the nape of his neck. His blanching hands, too, are unnatural-seeming, the fingers extraordinarily wide, blunt, stupendously capable-looking. On the third finger of the

left hand he wears a ring with an oblong of onyx nearly two inches long—which swings on a hinge to reveal a watch-face.

On his annual fall trips to inspect the twenty-five establishments oper-

ating under his name in America, he travels in the finest suite of the S.S. Normandie and in New York he lives in a super-luxurious apartment at the Hotel Waldorf-Astoria. These facts are adduced merely to indicate how much he has made hair-dressing into a Big Business.

He never "operates" now himself. He is, rather, a consultant. In Paris and in New York he maintains schools at which his operators are trained carefully according to his methods. In the Paris studio are 102 employees, in London 110, in New York 84. More than 200 are engaged in making his preparations at Gragny.

Each year, after consultation with the leading Paris dressmakers as to how they have decided to design the bodily appearances of the western world's fashionable women, he makes up sketches designing these women from the neck up. He will decide, for instance, as he did at the end of last summer, that this fall "everything is up, instead of down."

Sketches of a dozen or so different styles of coiffure which he has decided shall be chic this year, were (Continued on page 42)



Boisgontier

Another Antoine "origination"—demure bridal hat and veil with a nun-like effect



Authenticated News

An Antoine coiffure in which luxuriant hair is utilized in ample braids



Authenticated News

The "Orchid Head," Antoine's organdie head-dress for the use of platinum blondes



# Outward Voyage

The lone sailor finds life too easy on luxury liner and yearns for his ketch

By William Albert Robinson

Port Said, November, 1936

HAVING crossed all the oceans in a ten ton ketch, this is the first time I have made a sea voyage in a modern super-liner. The Conte di Savoia, fifty thousand tons of palatial luxury, sped me from New York to Naples in just seven days! In the Mediterranean one sparkling blue day we passed the outward bound Rex, our sister ship, about a hundred yards away. Both ships were sweeping along at about twenty-seven knots, making a resultant speed of fifty-four nautical miles per hour between the two giants! Two or three knots more, like the Normandie and the Queen Mary, and it would have been a mile a minute.

The Svaap, which would have fitted nicely into my stateroom on the Savoia, took me westward over the same route in three months instead of seven days. I still prefer the sailing passage.

Toward the end of my seven days on the Savoia I was able successfully to find a devious way via ornate elevators (imagine elevators on a ship anyway!) and impressive stairways to some upper deck where I could let the sea wind tear at my hair—still it was impossible to get the feel of being at sea, for it was impossible to get near enough to the water to feel even a drop of spray.

After long years of small boat experience where you can't leave a chocolate unguarded on a table without standing the risk of finding it sometime later stuck to the ceiling, I started out instinctively wedging my baggage securely in place and keeping toilet articles in drawers where they could not fly all over the place when we got outside the harbor. To my great disgust I found that you could leave a full glass of water on your desk through the whole

voyage and it would not even slop over. Stabilizers! They might at least leave *them* out so you would know you were crossing an ocean! I at least like to know I'm at sea when I am. So the trip to Naples was more or less a failure, except that it advanced me with great rapidity toward my goal.

Now, bound for Colombo from Naples on the Orama which is a mere twenty thousand tons, the decks are near enough to the sea so that you can at least see the phosphorescence at night.

Although no Spanish bombs dropped on us we had ample reminder of the situation in Europe. A daily diet of Italian movies brought a much closer realization of the existing tenseness and feverish preparation for war. Our American news reels give us enough pictures of marching Hitlerites, drilling fascists, and so on, but these foreign news reels gave the most amazing picture of the frantic armament race, showing these subjects to the exclusion of everything else. Modern tank maneuvers. Sham battles with so little sham about them that they made you shudder. Gunnery practice. Mussolini inspecting new arms factories. Hitler reviewing new mechanized fighting units. Air raids and gas, and direct instructions to the movie audience on the proper behavior under such circumstances, savoring of "Worlds To Come." Finally, a whole picture devoted to the conquest of Ethiopia from the air, showing the whole gruesome business from the loading of the bombs right through to the spewing of them onto the huddling towns, with the consequent blowing to pieces of buildings and populace and after-conflagrations, all filmed with remarkable clarity from low flying planes.



Courtesy of Italian Line

In the Mediterranean—The outward bound "Rex," from the "Conte De Savoia's" deck speeding along at about twenty-seven knots  
Inset: The Svaap

During my twenty-four hours in Naples I talked with several intelligent business men, who after making sure no one was within earshot, were unanimous in the opinion that the tremendous monetary drain of the military conquest in Ethiopia would make it impossible to find sufficient capital to develop or even completely subdue the country before the war comes. Never if the war comes. Always *when* it comes. It is so taken for granted that it is coming, that therein may lie the ray of hope. In my own small affairs I have found that the things I have been most sure of were apt to be things that did not materialize.

Soon, when we get on our own boat in the Indian Ocean, we will hear no more of these things for a time. The world's ills will be so remote as to be in another world. Once started on the sailing voyage, with no news or contact to speak of with the outside, we will forget the foreboding saber rattling for a while. But I wonder if we could escape the catastrophe if it did come, even in

our own boat in the South Seas. The world is so small today, that there are almost no places remote enough to lose oneself in, in case of world upheaval. But the South Seas would certainly be as good as any. Along with a growing multitude of younger generation Americans, I hate war, and hope I shall never have to witness one at close hand.

Keeping an eye open, through the Mediterranean and Suez, for the local sailing fleets that were so numerous formerly, I see they are still on the job, seemingly as numerous as ever. So long as sail can hold its own, even in a small way, the old romance of the sea is not entirely lost.

Meanwhile we steam steadily along over a calm sea. I have shed my woolen clothes and sent them home by the Savoia, expecting to have no further use for them for a long while. Wearing whites again, is always a sign that adventure lies not far ahead. In a few days we arrive in Colombo, where the hunt for our new ship starts. So, until then. . .



The lighthouse in the center of the town of Colombo, Ceylon





International photo.

Jean Batten receives a warm welcome in New Zealand after flying the Tasman Sea in a single-motored plane

## Jean Batten Flies For Fun

She delights in making hazardous flights against the advice of others but somehow she always succeeds

**J**EAN BATTEN, the Australian flier whose latest exploit was to fly the 1,100 treacherous miles over the Tasman Sea from Sydney, Australia, to Auckland, New Zealand, despite the futile protests of aviation officials, likes to do things her own way and doesn't care who knows it.

She keeps her friends in a constant state of apprehension by flying rickety planes over shark-infested waters, by flying blind over oceans without a radio, parachute or lifebelt, and by making forced landings in the most desolate places she can find. She always comes through, although experienced aviators cannot explain how in the world she does it.

The pretty little aviatrix did not take long in letting her parents know she had a mind of her own. They sent her to London to take piano lessons, but she had hardly learned to distinguish the black keys from the white before she had signed up for a flying course and was zooming over London rooftops in solo flights.

Instead of returning to her native Auckland by steamship, as any sensible girl would have done, Jean Batten bought an old wooden Moth plane formerly owned by King Edward VIII and took

off with all the confidence in the world. She got as far as Karachi, India.

Her next attempt ended in a crack-up near Rome. After she and the plane were patched up, she flew back to England and started again. She not only got to Australia on the third attempt, but broke Amy Johnson's record as well.

Since then it has been almost im-

possible to keep her on the ground. She now holds the round-trip record between England and Australia, and is the first woman to fly the South Atlantic. A well-meaning friend suggested once that she hire a manager to act as a check on some of her wild ideas.

"I am quite unmanageable," was her reply.



Like Lindbergh, she flies alone



The end of another record-breaking flight



# Nazidom—Is It Weakening?

**D**URING the anniversary celebration in Berlin of the abortive Munich beer hall putsch, Adolf Hitler announced to his lieutenants that "for the first time in these many years I observe this day without anxiety for Germany's future."

This was a confident observation, but did it express the inner feelings of Der Fuehrer or was it a bold front cloaking some hidden worry?

National Socialists of Germany are, in a sense, the world's greatest advertisers. Their method is definite. Celebrate defeats as though they were victories, and the defeats actually become victories! Make every mass gathering an event of rejoicing and self-adulation. By dint of repetition, the world will believe whatever you profess.

To the enemies of the Nazi party, there are indications that all is not as glowing as it is pictured. On November 6th, for instance, the German government floated another public loan of 500,000,000 marks to finance the new four-year plan. This will increase the public debt (although the fact is a jealously guarded official secret) to perhaps 55,000,000,000 marks.

Experts accordingly see an increasing strain on the country's financial resources, for the Reich's acknowledged debt alone passes the total of German savings deposits, which are increasing only slowly. It is hard to believe that there are enough free savings available to purchase the new government bonds unless force is used.

And force is obviously being used. Industrial leaders are grumbling. Banks and insurance companies already have been forced to "sub-

**Hitler's acclamations and boasts of success bring speculation as to its real solidity**



International

## ON WHOM IS THE JOKE?

Herr Goebbels and his frau think boss Hitler's joke is awfully funny. The laughter took place on the Propaganda Minister's 39th birthday, when Hitler honored him with a personal visit

scribe" to one million of the loan. And the new Reich planning board is seeking to force corporations to build factories where they are considered economically disadvantageous.

Bankers, who are influenced into making investments in raw material ventures—the Reich is here sorely in need—are guaranteed against losses, but in the event of a run, they are not assured of liquidity. In other words, the government and not the bankers, nor their clients decides where the savings of workers and small business men are to be invested.

Shortage of materials is so acute that the Reich has issued orders that contracts for armaments must be

executed first, raw materials second and house building third.

The new "boom" brought about through rearmament, declared by Nazi officials to be "a new German miracle," has raised the 1928 total industrial production index to 111.5.

In 1929 the German national income amounted to approximately 71,000,000 marks and the tax burden imposed on the people went to less than 13 percent of that total, whereas this year the most optimistic estimates put the national income at 62,000,000 marks out of which 19 percent is taken in taxes.

Compared with 1932, the national income has risen 38 percent, but the tax burden is up 75 percent. This explains why purchasing power has

not risen in proportion to the industrial boom and why consumption is lagging. The latest index for production goods was 118.8 percent and for investment goods, meaning mainly armaments, 127.8 percent, but the index for consumption goods is only 94 percent of the 1929 level.

The greater part of the increased tax burden is borne by small income groups. Although armaments have increased the number of employees, the individual wage rate has remained stationary, and is less now because of increased taxes and increased prices.

The result is that while retail turnover rises in value, sales of essential commodities diminish. Meat consumption, for example, has decreased drastically. The standard of living is dropping again.

\* \* \*

It is this tendency that seems to have forced the Nazis to bolster the coming slide by force. The appointment of Hermann Goering as dictator for the four year plan, a plan which entails armament and employment as its chief objectives, was hailed by Nazi party members as a victory; for it placed in power the one man who—even more than Hitler—represents brown shirt policies, and who represents the need for arms above the need for a higher standard of living.

Formerly, when Dr. Hjalmar Schacht was economic dictator, a German cotton importer, for example, had not only to deal with an American cotton exporter, but an exporter who was willing to, or able to, find in the United States a customer for whatever the German firm had to barter. The result was that the only way Germans could get Amer-



Kauffman

## COMMUNIST ANDRE

His death a sign of Nazi fear?



Wide World

## CATHOLIC VON FAULHABER

His life a sign of Nazi weakness?





Wide World

#### LABORITE HENDERSON

He took von Ribbentrop to task for failure to keep a promise that evidence in behalf of Andre would be transmitted to Berlin



Authenticated News

King Carol of Rumania with President Eduard Benes of Czecho-Slovakia. They tightened Little Entente understanding which favors Western powers



International

#### FOR THE DOCTOR

An unbroken stream of fire flows down the famous Unter den Linden in honor of the tenth anniversary of Dr. Joseph Goebbels' appointment as Nazi leader of Berlin

ican firms to deal with them was by paying an absurd price for imported goods or selling exports far below the prices of other competitors. The cost to German business was great. Now, since the taking over of the economic reins by Goering, no compensating deal will be allowed unless more than 50,000 marks is involved in a single transaction.

To make his national sufficiency plan more binding, General Hermann Goering has declared that fines "as large as seem necessary" are to be imposed on violators. Any business firms or individuals who say they have lost money through the economic plan cannot claim damages.

\* \* \*

The united front with Italy which called for so much success heraldry, showed, as well as it showed anything, that Hitler, who wished to dominate central Europe and The Danube alone, is willing to compromise in order to gain needed commercial advantages in Italy and her colonies.

The recent execution of Edgar Andre, German Communist, may be taken as another sign of political weakness. Even though 40 British Labor party members of Parliament sent a resolution directly to Hitler and another to Joachim von Ribbentrop, German Ambassador to London, protesting Andre's execution "in the face of the evidence at his trial," observers believe the German Government, fearful of another Leipzig trial, hurriedly executed him.

Recently Nazi party leaders announced that Hitler had won out over his last open internal enemy, Michael Cardinal von Faulhaber of Munich, virtual Primate of Germany and remaining Number 1 anti-Nazi. The Cardinal and Hitler had never met, but now a conference was to take place with Hitler at Berchtesgaden. But those familiar with the Cardinal, who courageously has denounced not only the neo-pagan activities of the Nazis but their general philosophy as well, believed that a conference on his part with Hitler could mean nothing but defeat for the Nazis.

In dire need of the financial support of the large body of Catholics to float the new 500,000,000 mark loan, Hitler was eager to compro-

mise. The Cardinal, however, probably was not. At any rate, when he preached last Sunday in the famous old Frauenkirche, members of Chancellor Adolf Hitler's Special Guard appeared in the crowd which not only filled the church but gathered outside. The guards warned the people that they were to give the Cardinal no ovations.

\* \* \*

Travelers recently returned from Germany all have the same story concerning the attitude of the people. More and more Germans are coming to manifest their disapproval of the regime that has brought them tightened belts. That a crowd continues to attend the Munich Cardinal's lectures is indicative of this.

The propaganda of anti-Semitism is no longer successful in the Reich. Storm-troopers may post signs, stand in front of stores, but the people themselves have been going out of their way to help the Jews.

An insight into the subtle, passive resistance of the population was well shown in the dictionary of foreign words which the monthly "Querschnitt" recently dared publish, and for which it was suppressed. In its dictionary the following definitions occurred:

Absurd—When one hopes for a better future.

Character—An obstacle to one's career.

Hokuspokus—See politics.

Journalism—Tight-rope dance between the lines.

Optimist—An incurable.

University—Parade ground for future government officials.

Ideals—Toys for big children.

\* \* \*

Whether merely wishful thinking, or keen insight is responsible, foreign observers in the past few weeks have stressed the precarious position of National Socialists.

Employment is increasing, but work and money and raw materials are going mostly into armaments, not into clothes, houses, food.

All of this because Nazis are preparing for an onslaught against Russia. But Russia also is subordinating its dire need for consumer goods to its need for armaments, and against a nation of such natural resources, Germany now appears to lose in any armament race.



Wide World

#### ENVOY VON RIBBENTROP

Leaving his residence to pacify a Britain angered over his statement that it and Germany had a common enemy in Russia



Wide World

Economic Dictator and Air Minister Hermann Goering, whose new job will be to get more munitions made, more people to eat less, and to make them like it



# A Modern Munchausen Becomes a Monk

Adventurer de luxe, Isaac Trebitsch turns from super-spying to meditative life as Buddhist apostle

**PRINCE MIKE** Romanov, née Harry Gerguson, has had such a wonderful press in this country that the American public thinks of him as the most accomplished rogue and adventurer in the world. But for impudence and versatility he has a peer in fifty-eight year old Ignatius Timotheus Trebitsch-Lincoln. I. T. T. Lincoln has the distinction of being the first white man to be ordained as a Chinese Buddhist monk, and his title is Abbot Chao Kung. But he was born plain Isaac Trebitsch in the village of Paks, Hungary.

Trebitsch has always been a man with a following—of police. The elders on the staff of the New York *American* have not forgotten the day in 1916 when Trebitsch popped into the city room for a whirlwind interview, and slid out of the rear entrance while Department of Justice agents were swarming in the front. Nor is former G-Man Francis T. Johnson likely to forget. Facing extradition to England on a forgery charge, Trebitsch stalled the machinery of the law for weeks by offering the Department of Justice sensational exposes of German spy activities (wholly fictitious) in the United States, and it was Johnson's task to escort him from his vile durance in Brooklyn's Raymond Street Jail to the interviews with Federal men.

Johnson succumbed to the force of

Trebitsch's personality and became his friend and admirer. So one day while they were returning to jail Trebitsch asked permission to stop in at a restaurant for a cup of coffee, and Johnson couldn't refuse. Even less could he refuse a request to go to the washroom. Trebitsch went in the washroom door and out the washroom window. The result was an epochal manhunt, and suspension for Johnson. During the weeks when the police were combing the city for him, Trebitsch roamed about with impunity, disguised variously as a beggar, a drunken sailor, and a priest. In bulletins which he mailed

to the press he boasted that he ate at least one meal a day in the restaurant which the Chief of Police patronized for lunch.

But it was in Europe that Trebitsch's career became really distinguished. Always an opportunist, he had quit his rabbinical studies at Hungary's famed Pressburg seminary just before graduation, and in England became converted to protestantism. Mother Church welcomed him, and shortly packed him off to Canada to do missionary work among Canadian Jews. Trebitsch appreciated the opportunity so much that he "lifted" the gold watch and chain of the Anglican priest who saw him off on the boat.

But financial difficulties in Montreal soon drove him back across the Atlantic. In London he ingratiated himself with an innocent and philanthropic Quaker millionaire, B. Seeborn Rountree, a cocoa manufacturer. Trebitsch was as happy to be a Quaker as anything else, and after his second conversion he became Rountree's secretary and adviser. The gist of his advice was to put Trebitsch in the British Parliament to represent the cocoa industry; Rountree saw the light, and after an easy campaign the onetime Hungarian near-Rabbi became a Liberal M. P. under the name of I. T. T. Lincoln.

For the next five years Trebitsch led an exemplary life, except for being on the English Government's payroll as a legislator, and on the German's as a spy. But Rountree was rich, and Trebitsch could not resist temptation forever. When he grew tired of his dull respectability in London he forged Rountree's name on a cheque

for \$4500, and fled to the United States.

After picaresque exploits in New York, Trebitsch was extradited, tried, and sent to an English prison for three years. From his cell he is supposed to have played parts in the Russian Revolution, the Bela Kun uprising in Hungary, and various Czarist restoration plots.

Exiled to Germany on his release, he joined forces with the monarchists, and participated in the abortive Kapp Putsch of 1920. By forewarning him of danger that threatened at

(Continued on page 41)



International

Trebitsch, in the United States District Court in Brooklyn on August 5, 1915, where he was charged with forgery



Wide World

In the role of international politician, he was continually making hasty departures



International

As the Abbot Chao Kung, Trebitsch broods constantly over the vagaries of life



International

Trebitsch the Buddhist makes many appearances, refuses to let up on the drive for Buddhist supremacy. He tours Europe with twelve faithful disciples; deportations keep them on the move



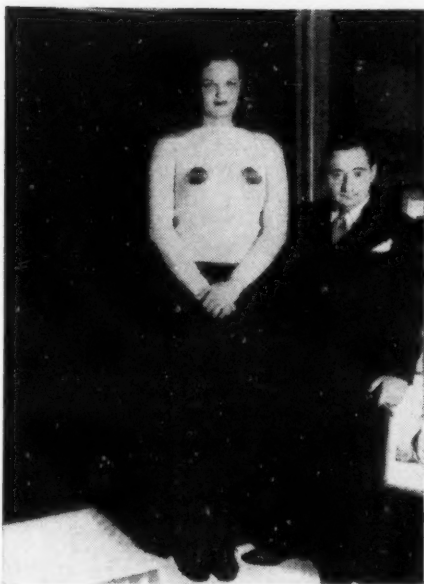


# Woman Bouncer

Into a field where only burly males have trod and where brawn and muscle are ruling factors, come the dainty, 190-pound footsteps of Bouncer Lois DeFee

**B**ACK in the good old days when automobiles were a matter of some two cylinders, the American bouncer was born. His original function was to put boisterous revelers out of saloons when they began to dare each other to throw a bottle through the back-bar mirror or to trip the next overloaded waiter.

With the vanishing of legal liquor, the bouncer also disappeared, and with its return he came back, but his function had changed sadly. No longer an intermediary in saloon brawls, but a helper-out of slightly inebriated women and college boys, his once august office has degenerated to something of an ornamental one. The climax of all this seems to have been reached by one Lois DeFee, who claims the unique distinction of being the world's first and only woman bouncer. Sponsors of Miss DeFee and



On seeing her with her manager, it is difficult to imagine Miss DeFee ever being fired

Photos by William Nelson



Bouncer DeFee beside Leon and Eddie's singer Edna Errico, an average-sized woman

her fame are Leon and Eddie, proprietors of a New York night-spot.

No weak woman, however, is Miss De Fee, standing six feet three, weighing 190 pounds. She presents a powerful spectacle. A childhood spent on a Missouri farm reflects itself in her strong, sturdy body. She is attractive and well proportioned, and attributes this fact to her daily horseback ride at dawn, and to sleeping all day at Leon and Eddie's. She has the run of the house; keeps a watchful eye on the kitchen, the bar, and the patrons. Bounced from her last job for socking a woman patron who became too boisterous, she bounces no more—has as her chief function that of official hostess. The only woman bouncer in the world, she is rapidly becoming a New York celebrity. Asked if she has a stage career planned for herself, she replied that being a bouncer is a career in itself, and that she will look for fame in no other field.



The female bouncer often acts as hostess, flashing her attractive smile at incoming couples



Spending most of her waking hours in the club, Lois has picked up many of the fine points, and can mix a drink as well as any bartender

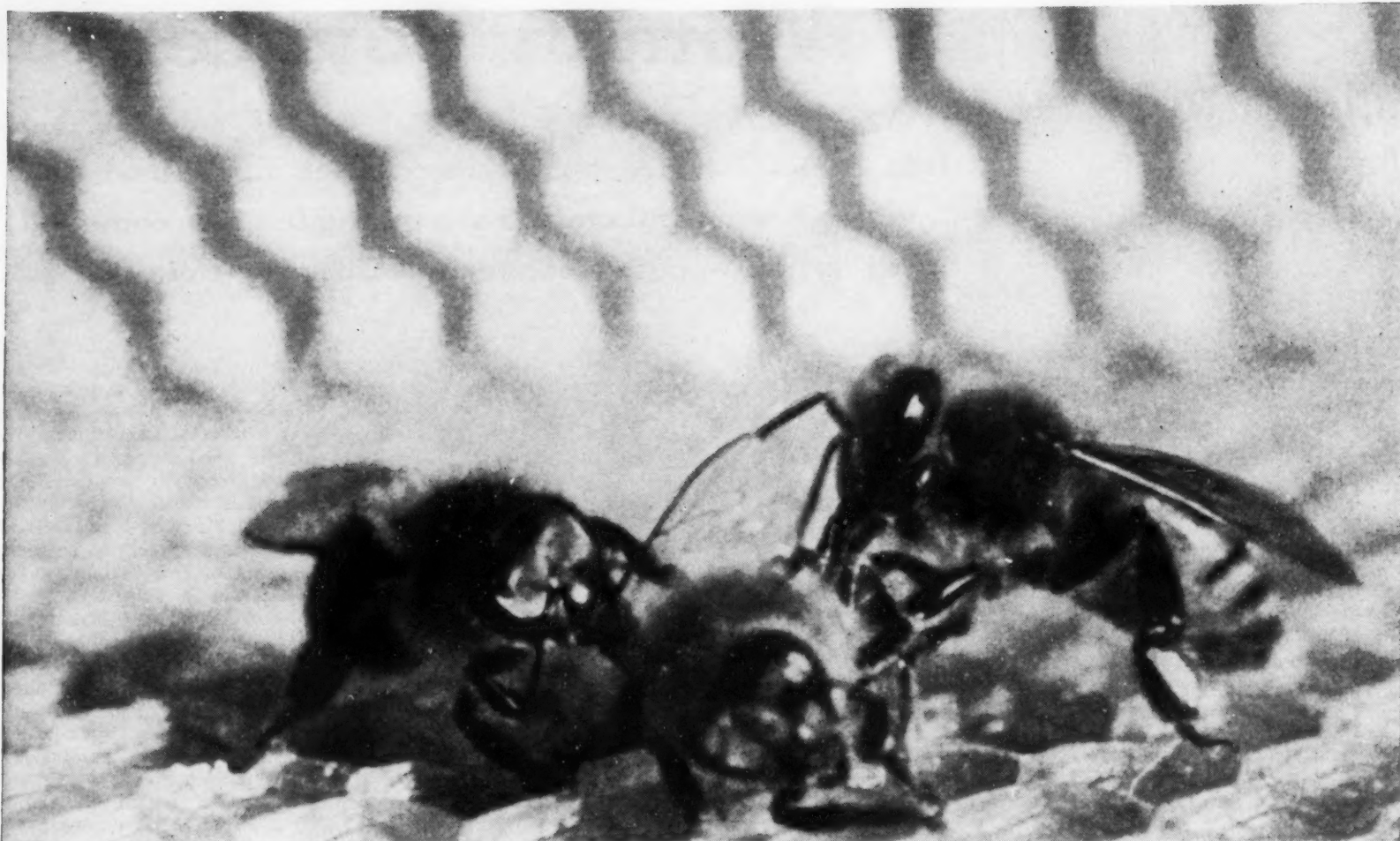


Pleasant, attractive, intelligent, she is often stopped for a little chat between drinks by women customers, who find her a very agreeable conversationalist



Lois spends her days sleeping, has no time for breakfast or lunch. Consequently her one meal each day is a hearty one, the best the house has to offer





All Photos by Wide World

Death comes to the drone. He meets his end not because he has lived a life of ease at the expense of the community, but because the queen has begun to lay her eggs and he is no longer of use

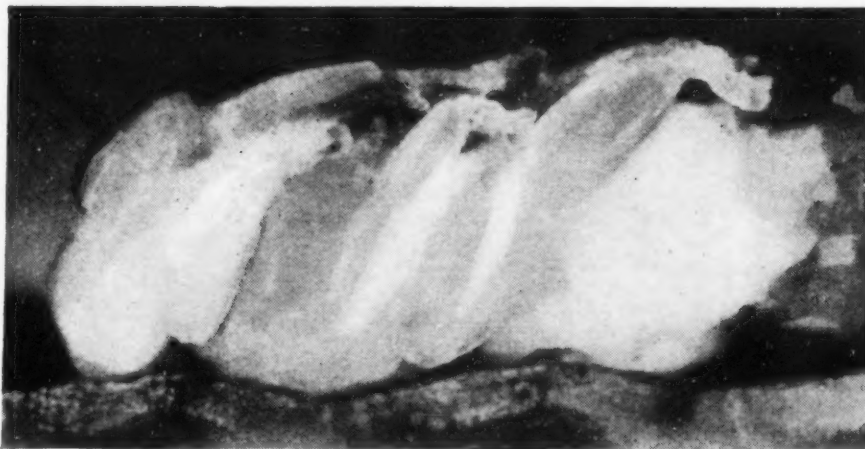
## A World Where All Must Work or Die

The bee is no slacker nor stranger in his world of perfect organization where waste is unknown

**B**EES live wonderfully. Certain aspects of their life have been graced with poetic or musical subtleties, with scientific meaning. Most famous of all are those aspects which have struck deep into sociology—into the way of life.

The "land that floweth with milk and honey" is the Bible's most desirable land. It is the dream of every immigrant, the raucously proclaimed object of every practical politician since Machiavelli.

In its way of life, the bee has been portrayed as both an indictment and a composite of our own sociology. The community of the bees has perfect organization. Within its potential, there is no waste, because each element in the community has ad-

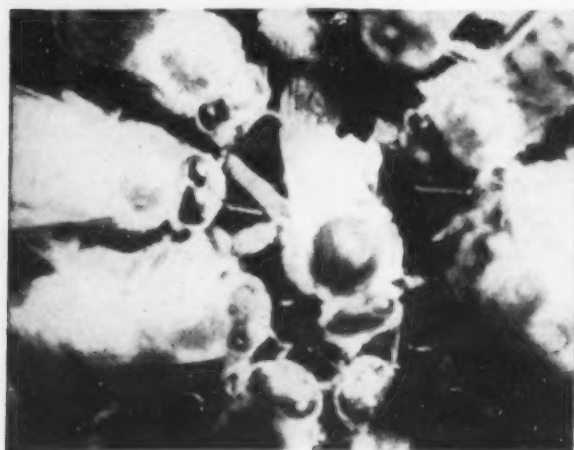


A queen bee comes into being. The larva when the form of the bee has begun to take shape

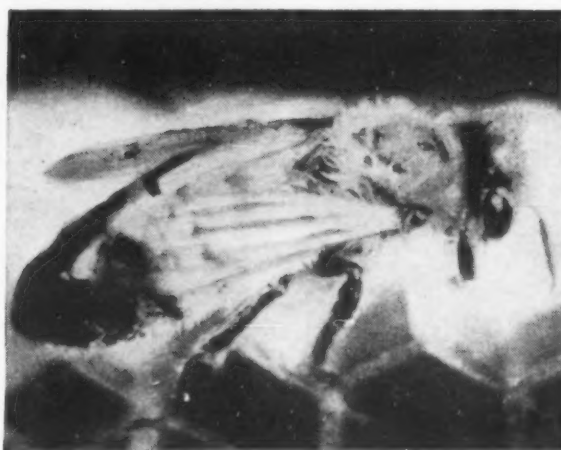
vance knowledge of the role it is destined to play and extermination is swift, ruthless, complete.

Our own sociology is definitely not a science. Man has been able to grasp only certain aspects of his life. As a whole, he remains unapprehended. The society of the bee-hive is of an opposite nature. Each birth and death has a precise time and place. Beyond usefulness, there is nothing.

Accordingly, any comparison between the human and bee societies is out of line. The organism of a bee-hive is both complex and simple. The workers, drones and queen bees each have simple functions. The pattern in which these take place is complex. But the nature of the pattern they know by instinct.



Before a critical audience, the queen bee performs. The "mother" of the hive lays upward of 3,000,000 eggs during her life

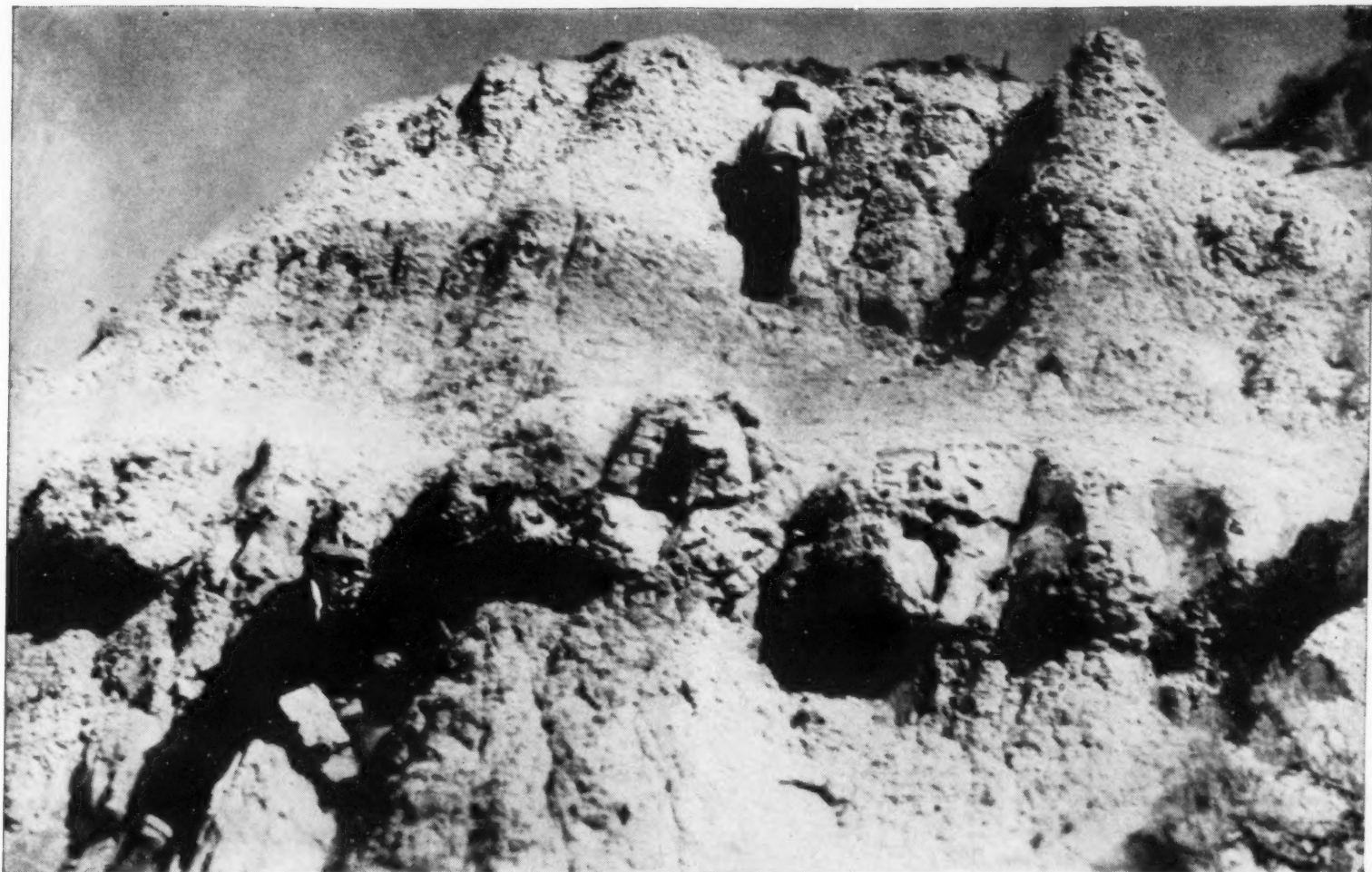


After the queen has laid an egg in each of the comb cells, the worker bee proceeds to seal each of the cells with wax



Having exhausted her supply of eggs, and being no longer fertile, the queen bee loses her usefulness—also her life





Photographs by the Author

Dr. Clarence E. Marshall and his partner investigate skeletal deposits in the Chalk Cliffs above Yellowstone River

## America's Fossil Hunting Dentist

The mailman who took long walks during his vacation has nothing on Dr. Clarence E. Marshall of Livingston, Montana.

By Armal I. Sprungman

NOT satisfied with the normal amount of digging and drilling in an average day's dental work, Dr. Marshall, believed to be the only fossil hunting dentist in America, spends most of his spare moments delving into sheer walls of rock or uprooting old lake beds in the search for new million-year-old specimens for his already large collection of prehistoric bones and Indian relics.

In shiny cases, which line the walls of his waiting room, countless thousands of odd trophies, ranging from Chief Joseph's pipe of peace to the jaw bone of a prehistoric camel, may be found on display. Here swollen-faced patients, tourists, eastern professors and local Indian chieftains who make regular trips to Livingston to inspect the private museum, become engrossed.

A few years ago, when road workers were laying out a new highway to Yellowstone Park, a deep cut into a chalk cliff near the river revealed many skeletal deposits. Dr. Marshall was called upon to investigate the wind-swept hillside and, after many trips to the site, finally unearthed several pieces of fossil.

A large head and jaw bone, removed from the chalk cliff, were identified by Smithsonian authorities as belonging to a prehistoric camel, said to have roamed this part of the country when the climate was tropical. Knuckle-joints, toe-bones, teeth, and a part of the head of a three-toed horse were also uncovered.

Some of the pieces of bone, presumed to be more than a million years old, were so fragmentary that it was necessary to splice them together before they could be identified.

During a recent expedition into north central Montana to investigate ancient clay deposits existing in an old lake bed, the doctor unearthed an almost perfect skull of a large cat-like animal which is said to have existed in Montana some 35,000,000 years ago. Known as a *pronomotherium*, this well-preserved speci-

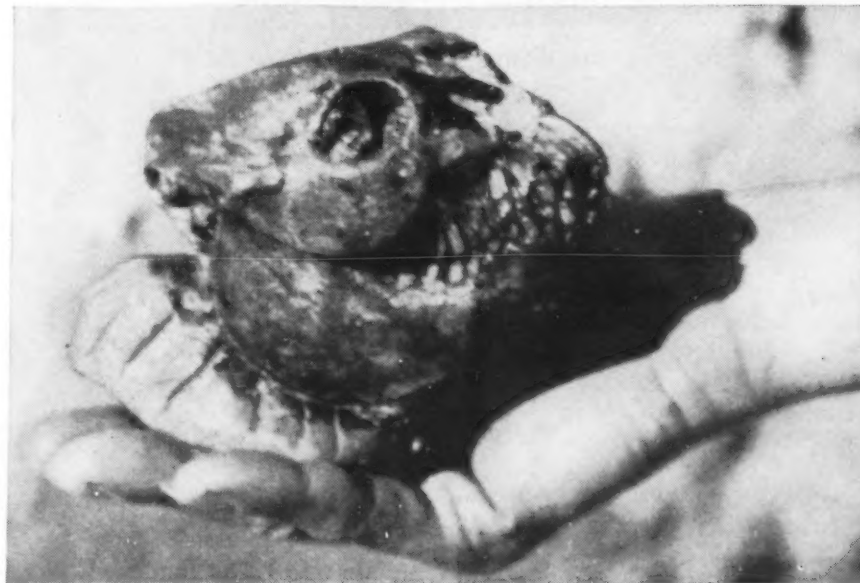
men resembles the skull of an average bird dog, with a thick-boned, powerful lower jaw and very sharp teeth. Scientists who have examined the skull claim it is the most perfect one of its kind in existence.

"It is comparatively easy to find these specimens," the doctor explains. "But the hardest job is removing the brittle fossil from its rock-like enclosure."

When the fossil digger unearths a skeleton, he removes the entire deposit. Home in his office-laboratory,

the doctor chips away the hardened clay by using discarded dental picks and other instruments which he has reshaped into tiny chisels.

The quicker the animal was covered with mud and water in prehistoric days, the better the specimen. Bones which remained on the surface were either bleached or devoured by other animals.

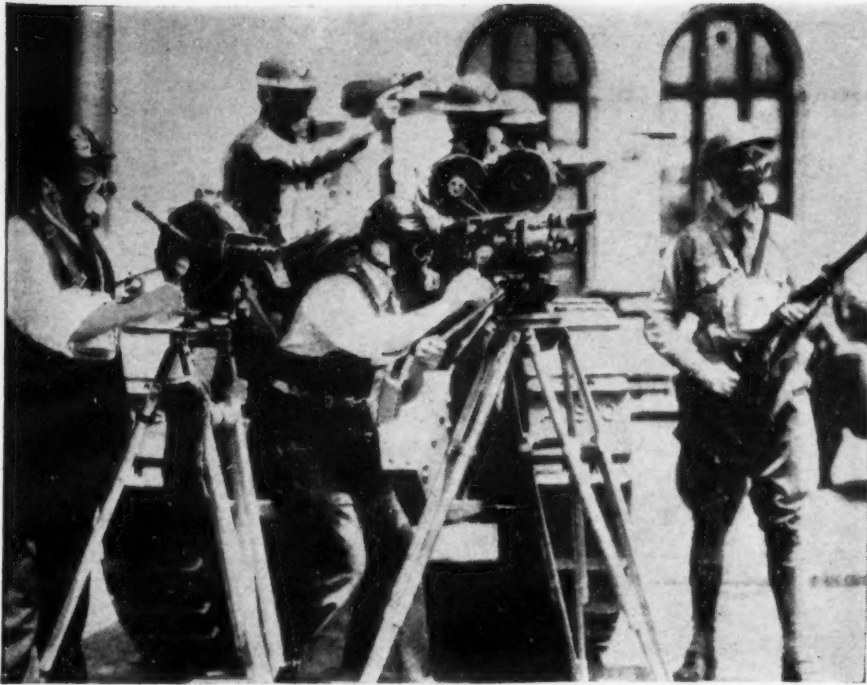


This 35,000,000 year old skull is believed to be the most perfect one of its kind in existence



Removing a piece of fossil from the face of Chalk Cliffs





Gas masks, helmets, and a detail of National Guardsman protect cameramen taking newsreel shots of the 1934 strike in Seattle, Washington

## Tense Moments

**Luck, speed, and courage are necessary for success in getting dramatic action pictures like these, and the photographer sometimes is in greater danger than his subjects**

**P**ICTURES like the ones on this page, snapped at the brink of disaster, are the ambition of every photographer. They are lucky breaks, depending on speed and alertness, and on being in the right place at the right time. Rewards are high, important

negatives sometimes bringing as much as a thousand dollars or more to the fortunate cameramen, and lifelong careers may be founded on two or three lucky shots.

However, taking pictures like these isn't the easiest thing in the world,



Saving a would-be suicide at a New Jersey hospital. A woman patient preparing to leap from a fourth-floor window was rescued by a doctor who lowered himself from above and caught her in a scissors hold

and the photographer frequently finds himself in as much danger as his subject. In the striking photograph of the dock collapse in Sydney, for example, the cameraman was a few yards away in a boat which nearly capsized, while the Seattle strike picture cost the taker plenty



Firemen aren't called on to make ladder rescues very often, but when they are it's a good picture



No Eisenstein or Stallings could conceivably have directed a more striking mob scene than this one which reveals the terror and scramble of a group of hikers on a landing dock which collapsed in the harbor of Sydney, Australia





*When one of the window-washers at the Empire State Building went aloft hundreds of feet to take a picture of his fellow-workers in this dangerous profession, the news photographer followed him*

of discomfort in the midst of a cloud of tear-gas. The scene of tragedy in the middle of the flooding river likewise put the photographer

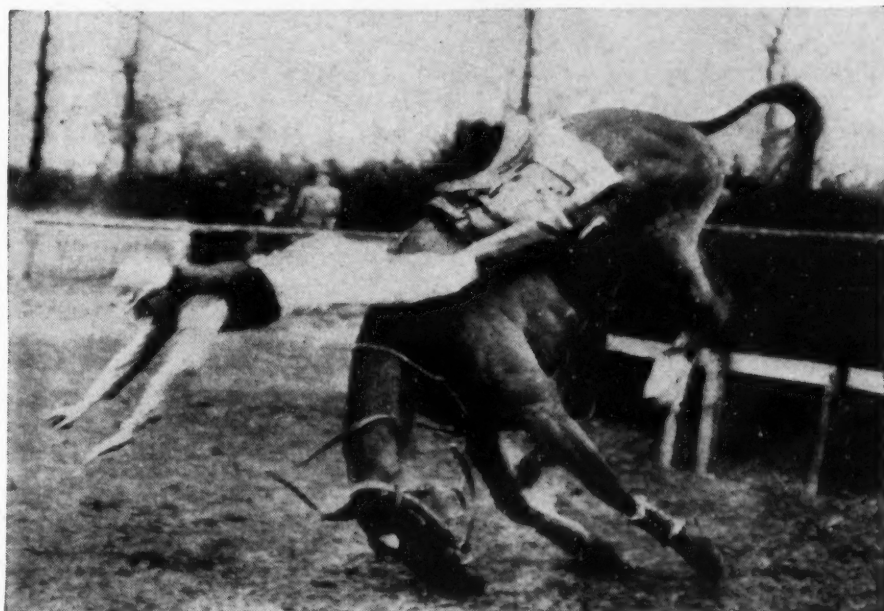
in peril, for he stood knee-deep in swirling ice water which might have swept him to his death. But that didn't stop his getting the picture.



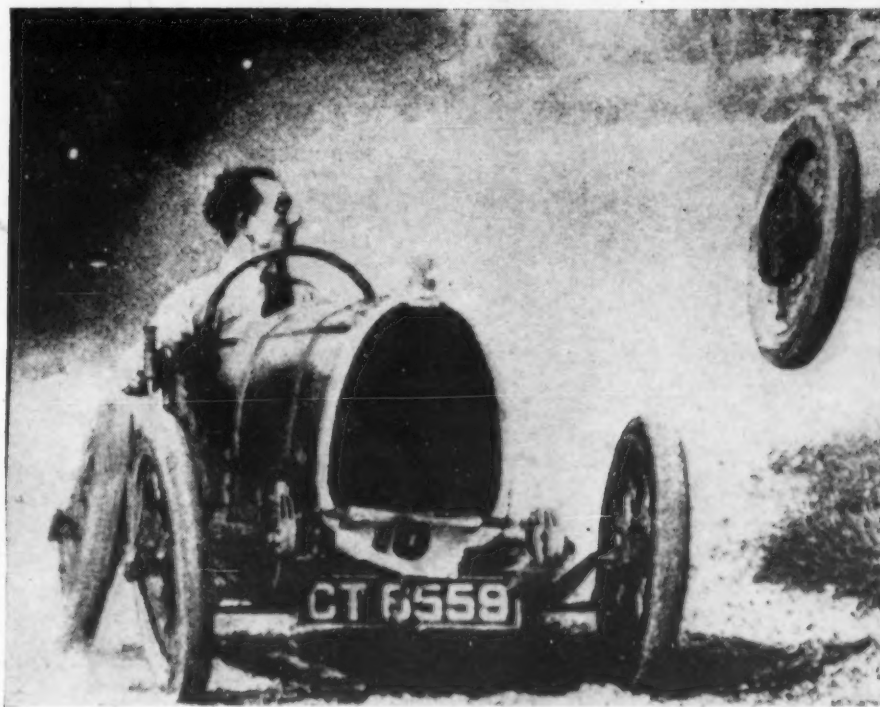
*The photographer's feet got good and cold, but that didn't stop him from getting this picture of the son, father-in-law, and friend of Mrs. Thomas Penn a second after she was swept to death in the flood*



*It looks bad, but actually when William Greendorfer stalled his car so that it was crushed between two trolley cars he escaped with nothing more than a few minor scratches*



*Unhappy landings like this may result in anything from a headache to a broken neck. The photographer didn't expect to get the rider in this position—he was interested in the horse*



*When it jumped off the axle, momentum drove this wheel ahead of the racing car. The driver doesn't seem to know where it came from, but he will in a minute. He may also place himself in a ditch*



# FRANKENSTEINS

Mechanized slaves that actually perform tasks. . . . How long before they lead us out of bondage?

**D**ARK dungeons underground, boiling chemicals, stooped alchemists breathlessly waiting for an inhuman monster to arise . . . scene from a hundred horror novels and movies.

But while idolators of their own specie would have their mechanical savior made after man's image, a million mechanical contraptions, made for utility and unadorned, have been easing men out of jobs and into ease.

Almost everything men can do, machines can do. Radio and wireless speak for us, dictaphones hear for us, cameras see for us, chemicals smell and even taste for us. Tasks once exclusively ours have been taken over by mechanisms that outperform our arms, our fingers, our legs, our backs, even our stomachs.

Whether some clever inventor will ever be able to combine all these facilities into one machine that looks like man is no matter. What will matter is how many more functions of man will be taken from him by his own ingenuity, whether they will truly turn Frankenstein, or be his vehicle of escape out of bondage.

Making a machine with the appearance of a man is a hangover of an old race dream. Scientists call such naive efforts *anthropomorphism*—creation in man's own image. It is altogether futile and unnecessary. An electric motor does not need to look like a man to turn a wheel faster and more steadily than a man could.

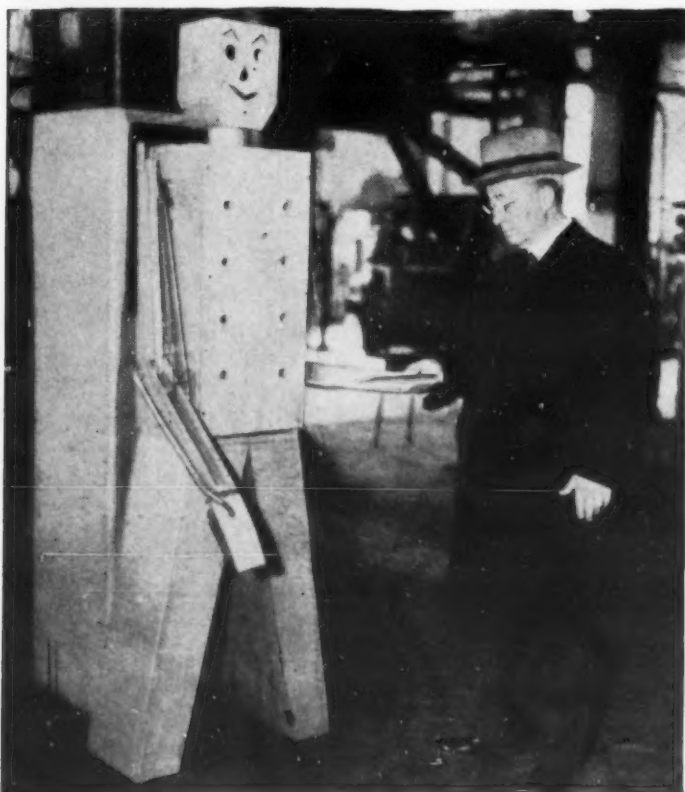


All photos by Wide World

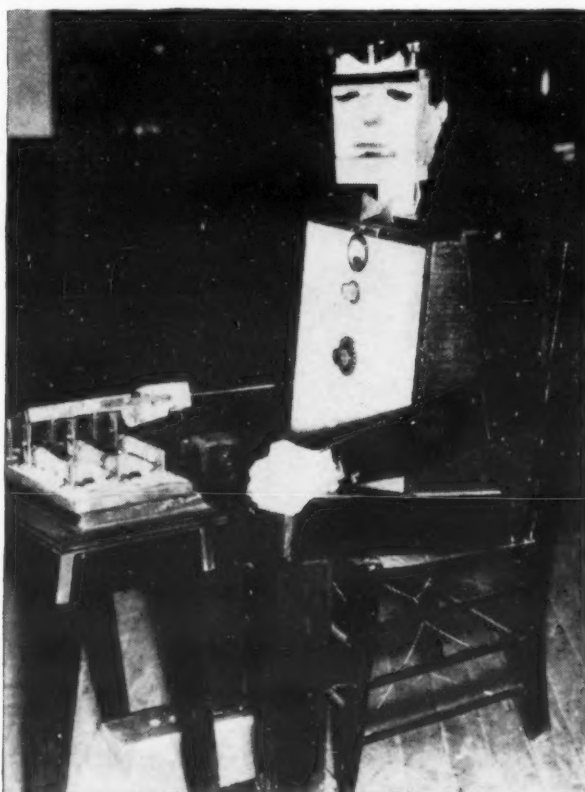
Looks as if "she" were out of an Egyptian tomb, but it's really Captain Robert's mechanical man holding up London traffic



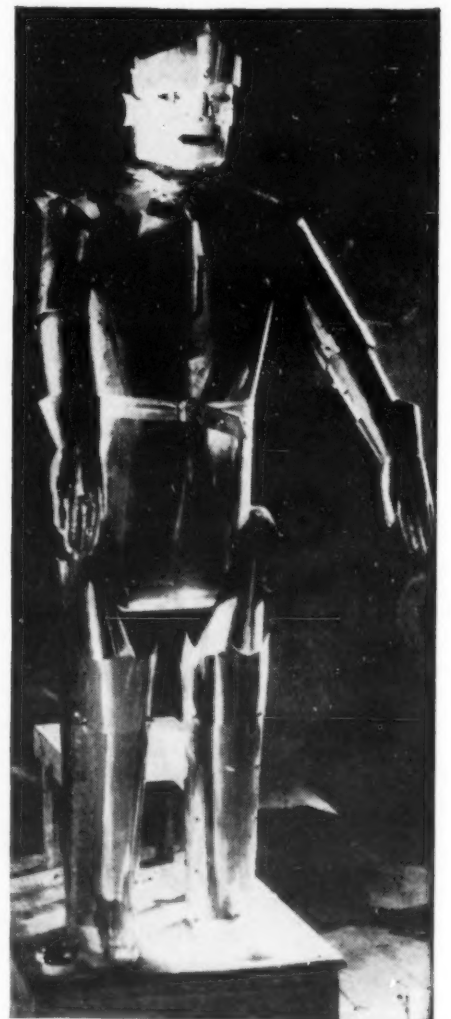
**LADIES AND GENTLEMEN**—he talks, sings, whistles, laughs, converses for half an hour, fires a revolver, reads the small print of a newspaper. Fourteen years of labor and \$18,000 went into him



To the left we have "Stupid," the mechanical robot who hands out programs to visitors in the Towne Scientific School of the University of Pennsylvania

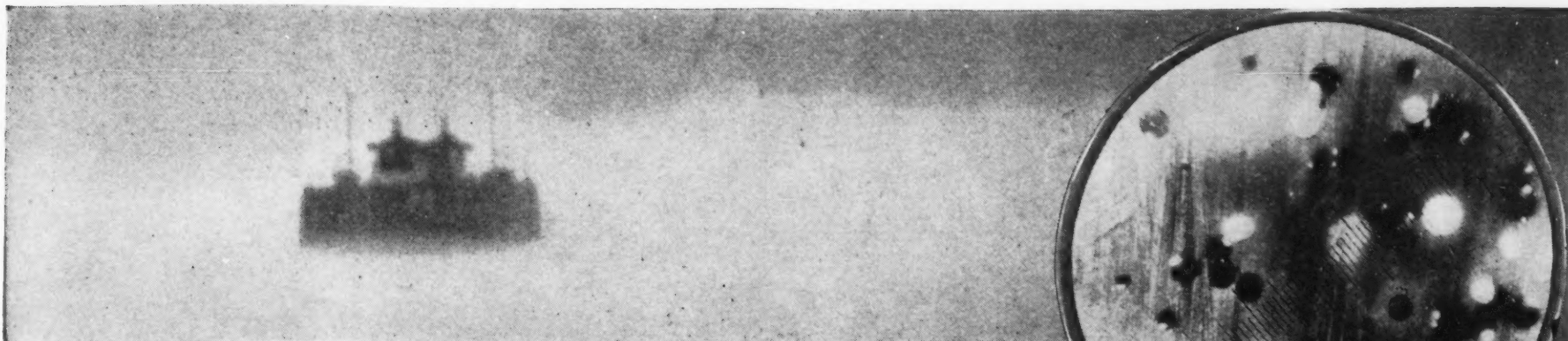


Robot with a photo-electric eye. Stand in front of him and he shifts levers which start devices in an electrical exhibit



An obedient monster is R.U.R. Tell him to sit down and he will, or shake hands, or tell you the time





Fogs like this one not only tie up transportation lines, but actually menace health by holding bad air close to earth. The Houghton apparatus could clear this scene in a couple of minutes

M. A. Rizzolia

Photos by Wide World

## Fog-To-Fight-Fog

The latest discovery in the campaign to rid aviation of one of its worst hazards.

Magnified fog particles. Size of the droplets can be judged by the scale divisions. 10/1000 of an inch apart

**F**og has for so long been such a menace to every form of transportation that necessity forced man to invent devices for combatting it.

Sirens are carried by all steamships, and an international signalling code permits them to announce their positions. Radio beams are also coming into use on fogbound sea lanes, and a few ships have experimented with infra-red lamps.

When fog shuts out signal lights on railroad rights-of-way common practice is to attach detonators to the tracks. One detonator means proceed, two go slow, three stop.

The most elaborate fog precautions are taken in aviation. Pilots are fully protected while in the air by radio beam signals. Navigating blind, they need only to fly in the narrow path of the "beam" to be sure of safety, but when landing it is a different matter. In a real pea-soup fog no lights can be seen, sirens cannot be heard, and directions broadcast from the ground are difficult to follow. Consequently, the danger is that the

pilot will fail to come down at the right moment, and either overshoot the landing field or fall short of it.

Attacking the most fundamental aspect of the problem, a group of Massachusetts Institute of Technology engineers under the leadership of Henry G. Houghton, Jr., have developed apparatus which actually destroys fog by condensation, instead of merely piercing it with light or sound waves.

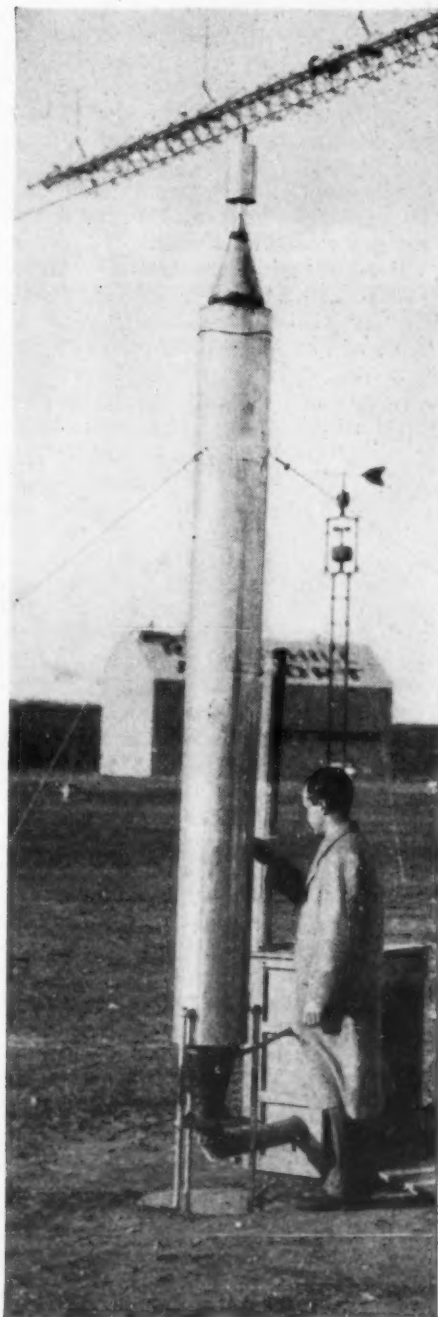
The Houghton fog-annihilator is extremely simple in principle. It consists of a long pipe equipped with scores of atomizing nozzles. At both ends the pipe is fed by tanks containing a chemical preparation, and when this is sprayed through the nozzles it turns the fog particles into raindrops, quickly clearing the atmosphere. The secret of the thing of course lies in the spray solution, and Mr. Houghton is not ready to reveal his formula just yet.

In tests which he has made with the invention, Mr. Houghton succeeded in clearing a 2,000-foot lane in a

dense fog in less than five minutes. A wind carrying the spray solution away from the pipe makes it effective over a much wider area, but even in an absolute calm it is efficient enough to end airplane landing hazards, and it is expected that the equipment will soon be installed by most airports.

Because of its simplicity, the spray pipe could be attached to the wings of an airplane, and used to clear whole cities (London papers please copy). However, this would not be done except in emergencies, when layers of fog were holding fumes close to the earth in lethal concentration—not an uncommon condition.

During the second week of December, 1930, record fogs spread over Belgium, and great numbers of old people and convalescents perished. For a time it was thought that poison gas was escaping from a munitions plant, but investigation later established that smoke from sulphur refineries coming in contact with the cold fog formed a dangerous mixture of water and corrosive sulphuric acid.

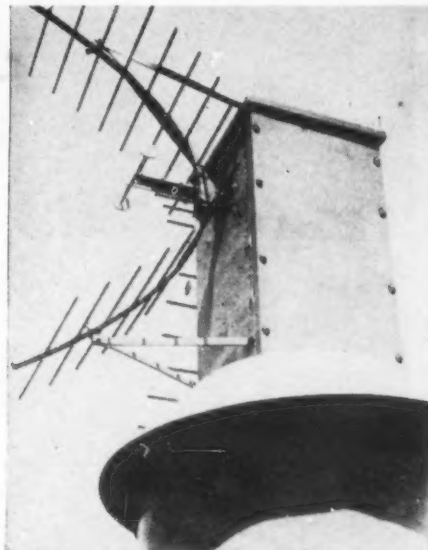


Wide World



Wide World

This super-sensitive detector announces the presence of airplanes, ships, and icebergs. Mounted on the bridge, it would permit a steamship to proceed at full speed through the heaviest fog



Wide World

Another device for fighting fog. This machine was invented by Guglielmo Marconi

Henry G. Houghton, and his machine which makes one fog to fight another





Constance Hope Associates

STOKOWSKI: "It is as though he has hypnotized each player in the orchestra"

## Magicians of Sound With passion and power these masters of music dominate the world of symphonic beauty . . .

PERHAPS it is at New York's "Met," or at Chicago's Opera House, or the Philharmonic Auditorium in Los Angeles. We assume you are not among those in the Diamond Horseshoe or the Tiffany Circle, but are one of those faces lost in the tiers that slant upward toward the domed ceiling of the hall.

The theatre has darkened. All sound has become suspended. There is a waiting hush in the atmosphere. Far below, in the spotlighted area of the stage, the gleaming dark violins, the golden horns and brasses, the slender woodwinds wait.

Before the orchestra a man is standing, and in his hands, visible from the balcony, hands that are at once strong and delicate, a slim baton is poised. The eyes of the players and the eyes of the audience are riveted on that slender stick of wood. It is like a magical wand that possesses a secret. It is magical. For it can unlock the world of hidden harmonies. It can open the gates of joy. It can call forth thunders and lightnings. It can conjure winds and devils and springs. It can make those dark and silent instruments wail as though in pain, and laugh and speak.

It hovers now in a mysterious incantation. The word of the ineffable mystery is spoken. The baton flicks. And the figure on the dais vibrates with life. And from the held bows and the lifted drumsticks and the mouthpieces of the brasses breaks the thunder of disciplined sound. Up through the reverently waiting hall flows and beats the enormous harmonies of a symphony. The magician with the wand has called it forth.

The conductor stands in relation to an orchestra like a director to a play. Out of the parts he wields a whole. Drums and brasses, violins and woodwinds, must be welded together to yield a disciplined and balanced unity. He brings the score to life. He interprets it. He squeezes meanings out of the composer's notations. He emphasizes and tones down, seeks the essential spirit of the composition. He breathes passion into his violins. He tries to draw the last clarity of note from the flutes. He hypnotizes his musicians into responding to the emotion that his hands vibrate.

But he is also an individual with

individual appreciations, individual understanding. Some conductors can draw unbelievable power from an orchestra. Others can register new shades and tones to a score unsuspected there before. Others rule their players like drill sergeants. One has only to see a great conductor in action, lost in the passion of the

music, to experience the electric intensity that he can communicate to an orchestra. It is almost as though the music did not live until he breathed upon it. Almost as though it yielded up its secret to him.

There are brilliant virtuosi and ponderous dramatics among our conductors. Each brings to his music

something of what he himself is. The music is transformed under his direction. To the immortal spirit of the musician is added the sensibility of the conductor.

A great composition requires great execution. A great composer needs a great conductor. When both are present there is an immortal experience for those dark faces in the darkness of the hall.

These great magicians of the baton have given us these experiences:

### EUGENE ORMANDY

Eugene Ormandy, new conductor of the Philadelphia Orchestra, is the youngest of the world's great conductors, holding as he does one of the most important musical posts in America at the age of thirty-seven. His firm fingers hold the baton gently, as if it were something fragile, but it seems to radiate an invisible power over the musicians, to surcharge the air with compelling force. With a phenomenal musical memory second only to Toscanini's, he has never conducted from score in his life. This scoreless conducting enables him to keep eye-contact, a sort of wireless transmission, from his eyes to each and every musician in his orchestra. The electric tensivity which Mr. Ormandy thus evokes in the orchestra and audience alike makes him a truly dynamic conductor. He is a master program-maker, a staunch champion of modern music, and one of the world's greatest interpreters of Bruckner and Mahler.

### FRITZ REINER

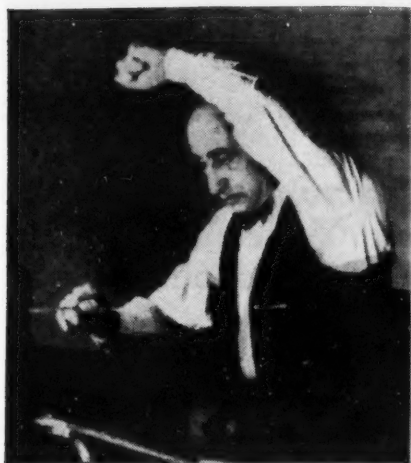
Fritz Reiner, now conducting the Wagner repertoire of the San Francisco Opera Company (Nov. 2-22) is considered one of the world's greatest virtuosi of the baton. He is uncompromising in his artistic outlook and unflagging in his zeal to live up to his firm musical convictions. All of his interpretations bear the indisputable stamp of authenticity, and he is a great precisionist. He is one of the few conductors who is equally great both as an orchestral and operatic conductor. He is one of the greatest interpreters of Wagner and has therefore been chosen to conduct German Opera at Covent Garden in London during the forthcoming Coronation Season.



International

TOSCANINI: "He is a strict constructionist . . ."





International

**BODANZKY:** "He evokes grandeur of emotion and beauty through being a relentless drill master . . ."

#### ARTURO TOSCANINI

The secret behind this greatest of all living maestri is his unwavering fidelity to the written notes and what the composer has written. He is a strict constructionist. He has an amazing musical memory. His power over the orchestral players consists in unyielding insistence on perfect performance by each and every individual in the orchestra. He completely submerges himself in the music, feeling that his sole function is to insure a perfect performance and not to give his own personal interpretation.

#### BRUNO WALTER

The interpretation of dramatic music is Mr. Walter's great gift. While he has many notable achievements in symphonic direction to his credit, he has made his mark principally as a conductor of opera. He has a personal warmth and geniality which find no difficulty in infusing itself through the ranks of the orchestra. He is one of the greatest living conductors of Mozart, and a staunch disciple of Mahler. His modesty and sincerity make him thoroughly likeable.

#### LEOPOLD STOKOWSKI

Stokowski's hands, the most famous in the world veritably pull the music out of the ether. It is as if he had hypnotized each player in the orchestra to respond perfectly to his every shade of emotion. Using no baton, but only his extraordinary hands, Mr. Stokowski molds the music as if it were a huge plastic mass which, under his strong reverent fingers, slowly and exquisitely takes on form and meaning. It was Stokowski who made Bach a best-seller.

#### ARTUR BODANZKY

Mr. Bodanzky's power lies in keeping orchestras and diversified vocal groups under almost tyrannical control. He evokes grandeur of emotion and beauty of effect through being a relentless drill master, nor does he hesitate to display his impatience with mediocrity. For many years conductor of the concerts of the Friends of Music, he is now chief conductor and in charge of German repertoire at the Metropolitan Opera House.

Bodanzky has a rare gift which has been credited to more than one conductor, actually possessed by few. It is the power of direct tonal analysis, and was first demonstrated by him when he conducted orchestras in Prague and Vienna. Bodanzky can be directing a loud and boisterous passage, where the harmonies, melodies and counter-melodies are so complex that even the practised ear cannot distinguish all of the tonal ingredients that go to make up the whole; not so with Bodanzky. He will stop such a passage and tell *one instrument*, where he has played *one note* wrong. This fact is amazing, and induces in his men an awe which may account in some measure for the spell which Bodanzky holds over them.

\* \* \*

These, then, are some of the men to whom America looks for reawakening, with vibrant sound, the musical expressions of composers. Differing widely in personality, temperament and technique, they nevertheless have the same themes. Unceasingly, uncompromisingly, all work toward the ideal of perfection in musical expression, which, however unattainable, is steadily being approached.



Constance Hope Associates



Atelier Jacobi

**REINER:** "He is uncompromising in his artistic outlook . . ."



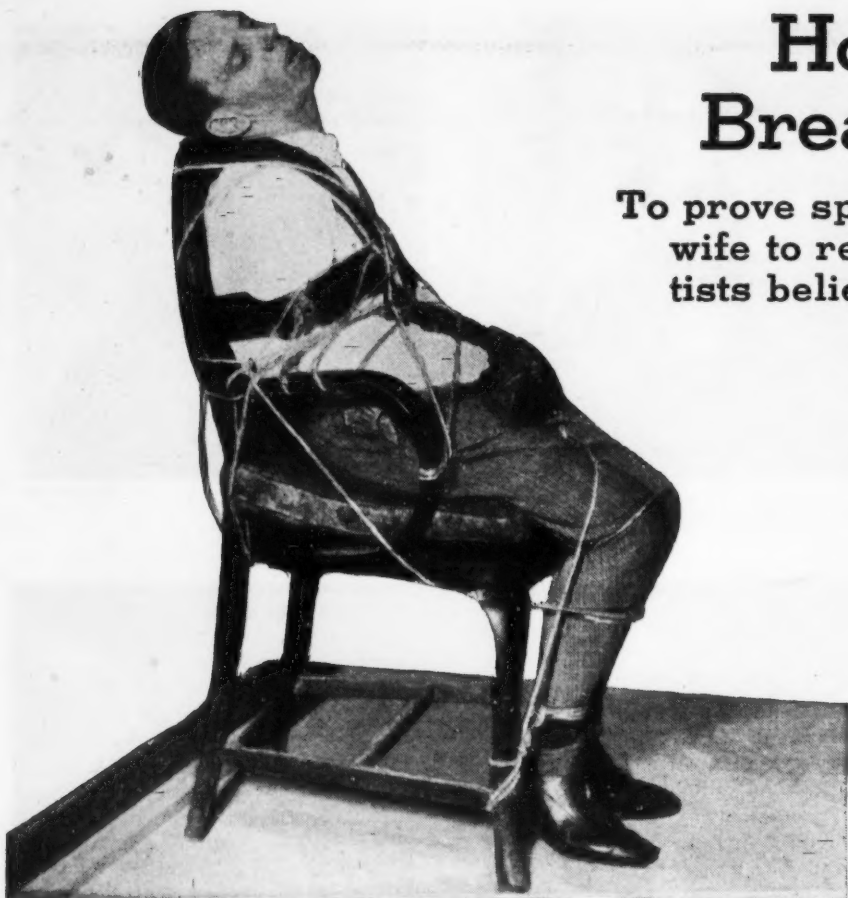
**WALTER:** "Personal warmth, modesty, sincerity . . ."

**ORMANDY:** "His firm fingers hold the baton gently, but seem to radiate an invisible power over the musicians . . ."



# Houdini Could Not Break Death's Chains

To prove spiritualism a fraud, Houdini promised his wife to return after death if he could. Yet scientists believe there may be something to the occult



Wide World

A medium in action. First dropping into a trance which opens his mind to spirit communications, he babbles messages which he claims come from the dead to the living

**H**ARRY HOUDINI is remembered today less as a great magician than as a man who exposed the frauds of some of the cleverest spiritualist mediums in the world. He was positive that all occult manifestations were dishonest tricks. To prove that spirit communication is impossible he signed a pact with his wife, promising to return to her on birthday anniversaries after his death if he could.

Ten posthumous birthdays have now passed; Houdini has not communicated with his wife, and she has announced that she will not try again to summon him. Thousands will accept this as fresh proof of his belief that the spirit world does not exist.

Certainly as far as science is concerned it does not, yet in this coun-

try and abroad many doctors and research men are beginning a new survey of the occult, and are approaching it in a spirit of curiosity rather than skepticism. They realize that for dozens of centuries man has been piling up more or less persuasive evidence of the existence of supernatural forces, and that science will have to sift this evidence and render its verdict.

In London for many years the Society of Psychic Research, and in Paris the International Institute of Metapsychics have been engaged in this work. In America Duke University is pioneering. While Houdini crusaded with dramatic revelations, the laboratory experts put mediums through tests which eliminate any possibility of fraud by utilizing all the safeguards known to science.

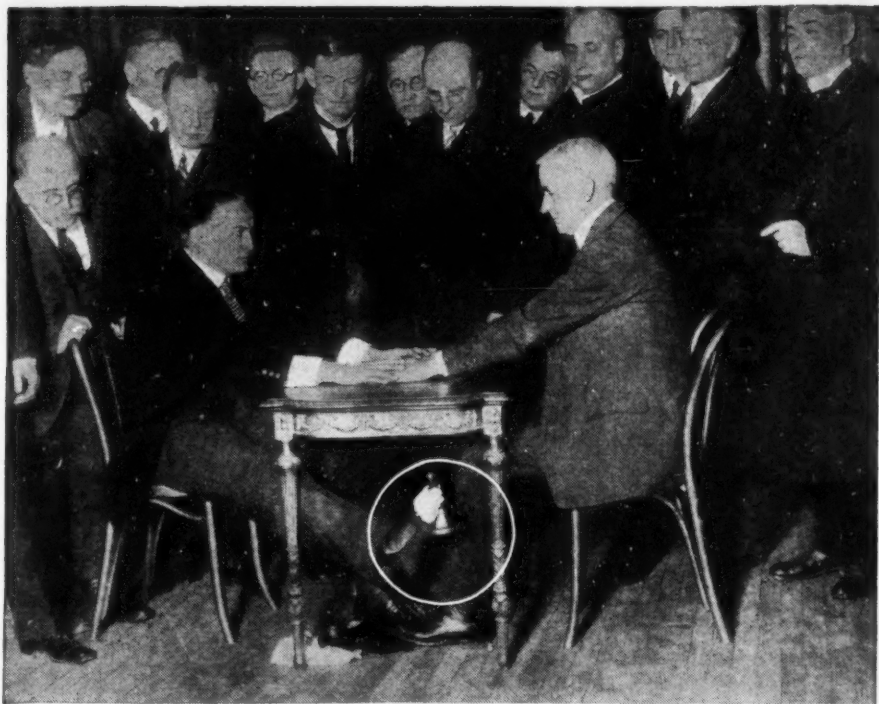
It may be years before anything approaching proof issues from these investigations, but when the word comes it will be final and authoritative.

In another field, too—that of the so-called "sixth sense" of the subconscious mind—doctors are adopting a more liberal attitude. There have always been persons who could accurately read the thoughts of others, describe hidden objects, predict future events, and visualize scenes being enacted many miles away, but science has never paid much attention to them. However, in his best-selling "Man The Unknown," Dr. Alexis Carrel gives this opinion: "This quality (subconscious receptiveness) is exceptional. It develops in only a few. But many possess it in a rudimentary state." The conclusion is that everyone is born with a certain telepathic aptitude, but only one in a thousand is aware of it.



Wide World

British scientists are stumped by Douglas Drew, eight year old boy, before whom chairs mysteriously move and slippers spin for no apparent reason



Wide World

Houdini demonstrating one of the tricks used by fraudulent mediums to produce startling "supernatural" phenomena. Toes, not ghosts, ring the bell



Wide World

Mrs. Harry Houdini, the magician's widow, after her tenth and last attempt to contact the spirit of her husband. Only Houdini knew how to unlock the handcuffs she is holding



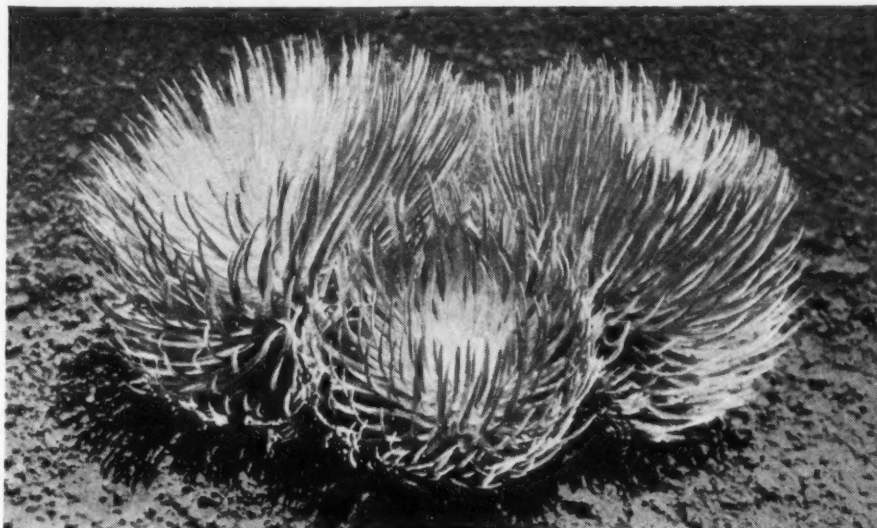
# The Silversword, Botany's Rarest Jewel

Born in a Hawaiian crater, it has five years to live, one month to bloom, one week to die.

**B**OTANISTS consider Silversword the rarest and one of the most beautiful creations in the world of plant life. Mystery shrouds it. Invisible hands have sown its seeds in an otherwise desolate pit seven and a half miles long and three miles wide—a pit whose surrounding walls are one thousand feet tall, whose rim is 10,000 feet above sea level. Such is Haleakala in Hawaii, largest volcanic crater known to geologists.

On its slopes the Silversword blooms. Watered by occasional showers, the bloom takes its existence from ashes, its beauty from desolation. Its blossom is a burst of purple and silver, set in a silver bowl. In maturity, it reaches a maximum height of from four and one-half to five feet.

Silversword is a member of the aster and carnation family. Upon taking root, it sends curving outward from a common center a half dozen long, thin leaves closely resembling silver-plated swords. For two to five or six years, these increase in size, number and range of expansion, depending on conditions attending develop-



Davart—from Atlas Photos

Silversword in full bloom, which lasts a month, and after which comes death in a week

ment. Although the favored spots of Silversword growth appear to be composed entirely of cinders and barren earth, the plants vary greatly in size. At times, the bowl of the

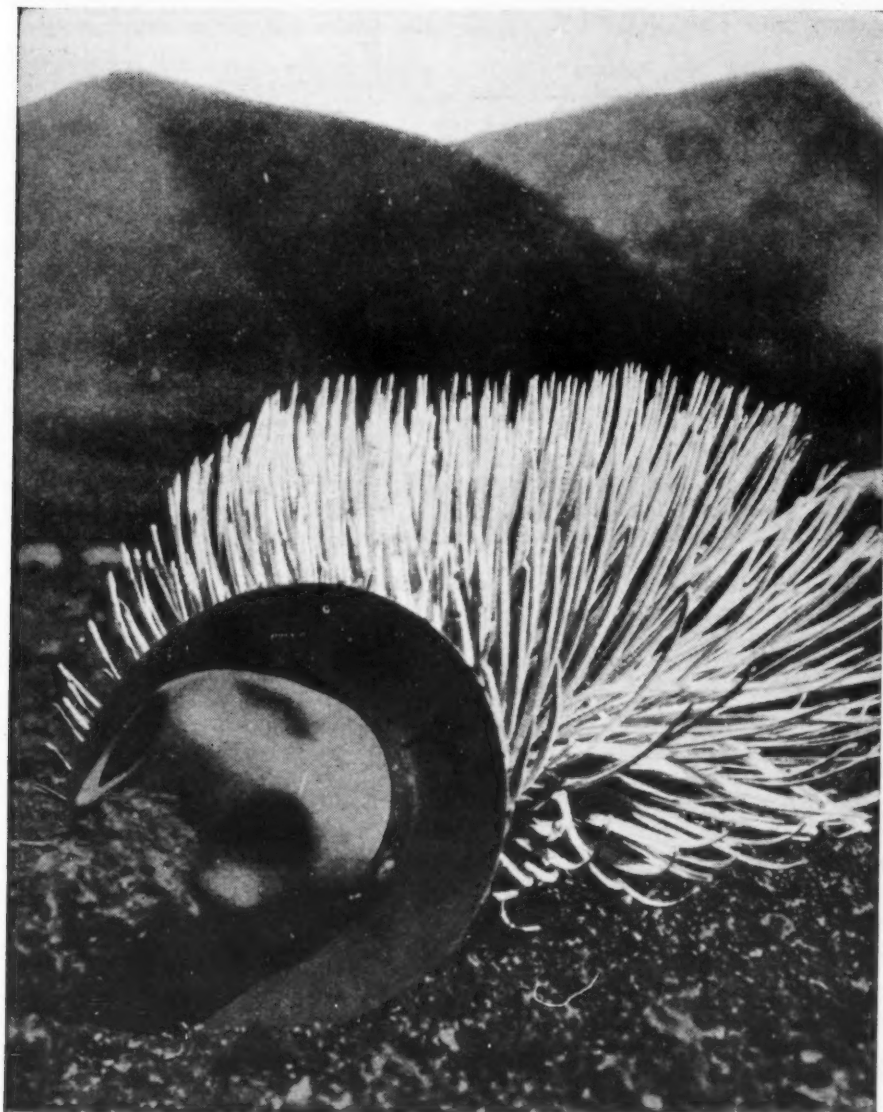
blossom measures only a few inches. In another place, its diameter will be three feet.

When the Silversword blooms, it flowers out from the center of the

spherical silver cluster. Three hundred, four hundred, in some cases five hundred leaves appear. The stalk, long and fast-growing, develops into a cone. Pineapple-shaped, the cone is made up of the delicately-fashioned stems growing out from the stalk. Each of these stems terminates in an aster. During the three or four-week period of blossoming, the purple tone becomes richer, deeper.

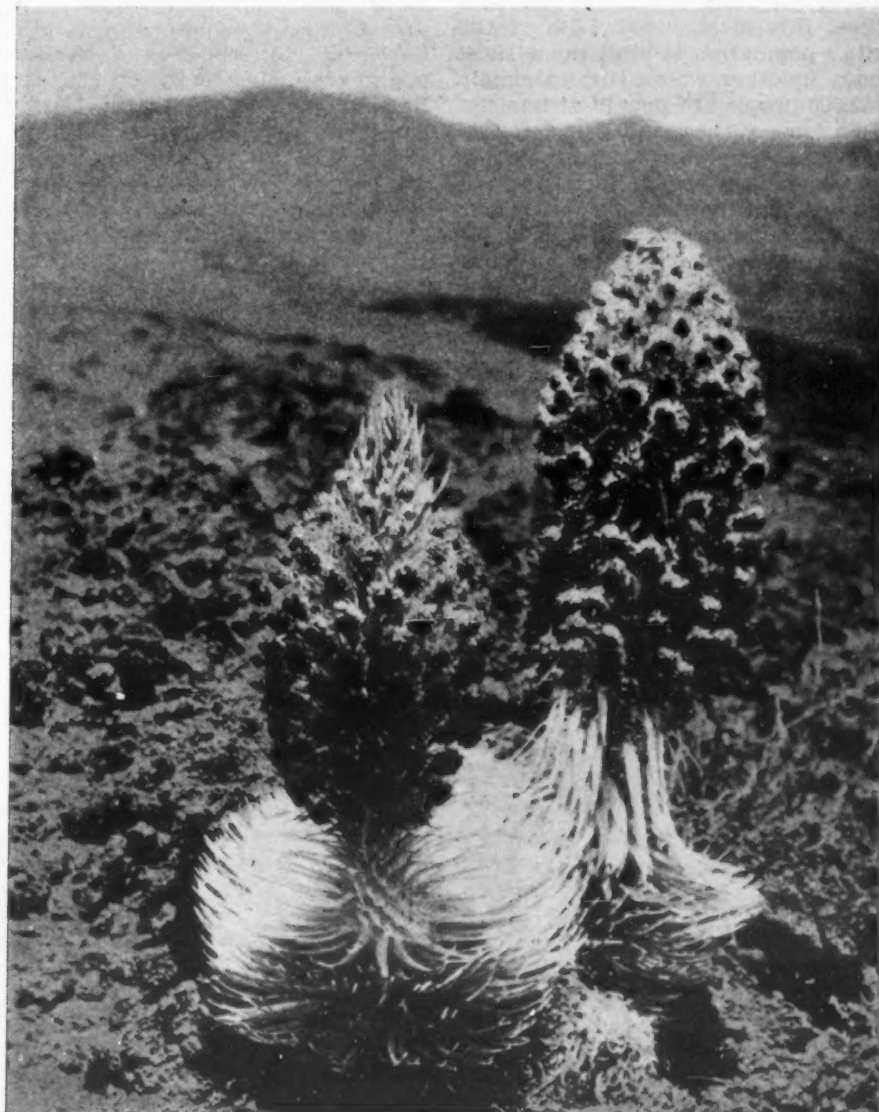
Specimens of Silversword are rare, for Haleakala is the only spot on the globe where the blossom grows. Over its nineteen square miles, some 2,500 plants grow each year. Only in this crater land does the Silversword find warmth for its roots, breathing space for its frail, short-lived offspring. Away from this valley of extinct hell, Silversword dies in its infancy.

The last act in the life of the Silversword is magnificent. Upon that magnificence, Nature has placed a penalty: one blooming. Within a week, the plant reaches the full glory of its blossom, releases its seed, dies. Around the dead plant other silverswords blossom in the desolate soil.



Davart—from Atlas Photos

The Silversword bowl at maturity. The swords so resemble silver that they seem metallic



Davart—from Atlas Photos

Clusters of Silversword, from which the stalk springs to flower but once, then dies





Miss Lillian D. Wald, founder of the Henry Street Visiting Nurse Service



A group of nurses at one of the 21 branch centers maintained by the Henry Street Visiting Nurse Service throughout Manhattan, the Bronx, and Queens

## 100,000 Patients In Every Year . .

**E**IGHTY percent of all the people in Manhattan, the Bronx, and Queens are cared for at home when they fall ill. Since it is estimated that 2% of the city's population is ill at a time, this means that 1.6% of the city's population is ill at home right now. In other words, approximately 112,000 people are now ill at home.

In some of these cases, hospitalization is not necessary, in others not available. But where home care is needed, and the family is too poor to afford a doctor or a hospital, the Henry Street Nurses are on hand. Pregnancy, pneumonia, Bright's Disease, heart trouble, cancer, tuberculosis, diabetes, and the communicable diseases of childhood—all these the visiting nurse must take in her stride.

Working with the aid of clinical facilities, cooperating with the Department of Health, the neighborhood social agencies, psychiatric and therapeutic sources, the visiting nurse goes into the homes of the

city's poor and brings order, health, social counsel, wise advice.

In 1935, in New York City, the Henry Street Nurses made 525,000 visits. Every day at least 265 visits are made. One quarter of all the babies born in the New York Boroughs are delivered by, or with the help of, the Henry Street Nurses. Thirty-six thousand of the 1935 patients were able to pay nothing for the service they received.

The Henry Street Settlement nurses face the problem of teaching primitive principles of hygiene to many of the thousands of patients they visit in the homes of the city's poor. In the old-law tenements that swarm the city, condemned by the tenement house department, but maintained by landlords exploiting their real estate values as the squalid refuges of poverty, darksome hallways, overcrowded flats, and antiquated plumbing and toilet facilities make life a succession of mysterious diseases and ills. The social service worker has

Winter and summer, the Henry Street Visiting Nurse Service sends out its nurses into the homes of the poor, ill and desperate among New York's teeming millions.

often to cope with a crafty psychology that the poor develop as a result of their environment. Hospitals and dispensaries meet often with the same conditions. But to the sick and ailing, who find that the private

wards are to be had only for those who are able to pay, to whom medical care and attention is a foreign addition to the struggle to meet the necessities of living, the charities of the settlement are benedictory.



The father of twins learns how to take care of them

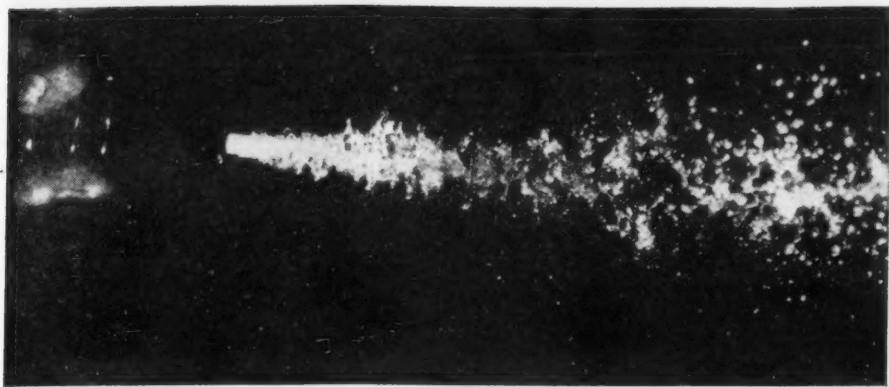


An old man receives care and encouragement

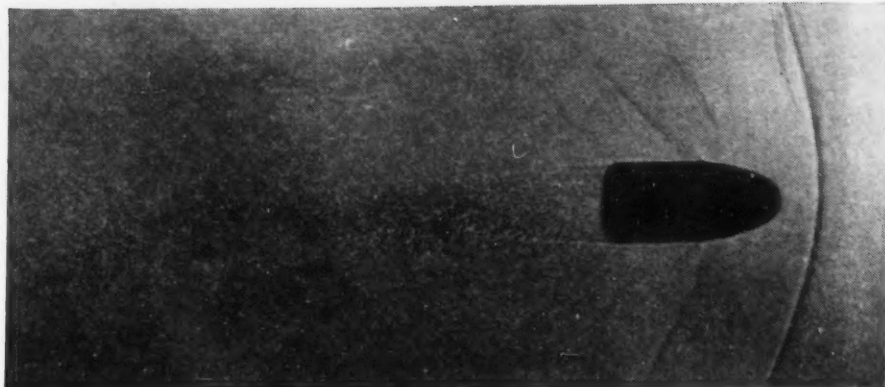


Throat examination in the home of one of the patients





No, not a stream of poison gas, but water from a garden hose as it appears in a photograph exposed one-millionth of a second by Professors Harold E. Edgerton, Kenneth F. Germeshausen, and Herbert E. Grier, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology



This photograph of a flying bullet was made directly against the film, without a lens, and with the light of a 10,000 volt spark from an electrical condenser. Ahead of the bullet is a sound wave, and behind it an atmospheric disturbance as air rushes into the vacuum

## Sights the Eye Cannot See . . .

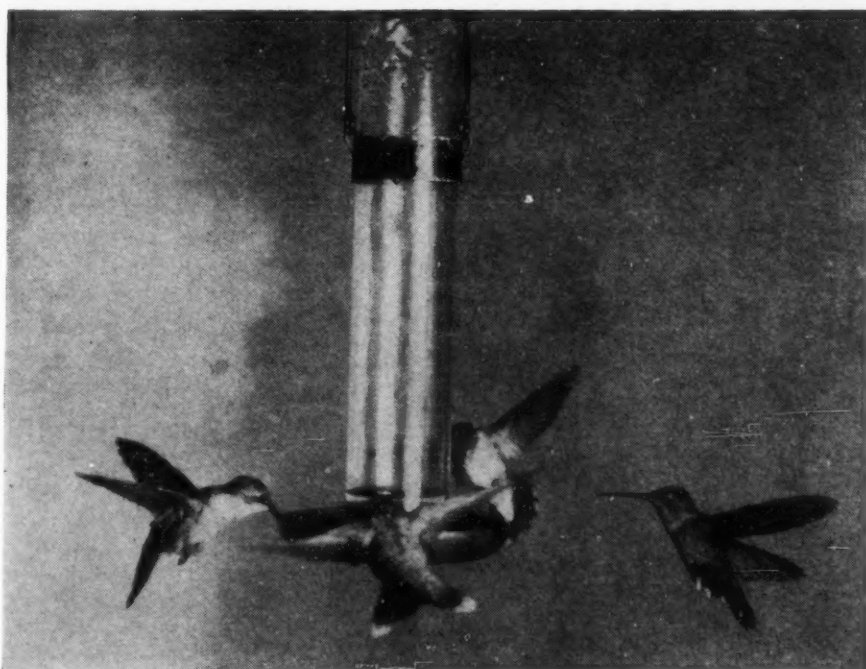
High-speed electrical flash photography captures action which escapes the eye . . . and stops the world in its tracks

THE pictures on this page are not, as you might suspect, surrealistic efforts by an imaginative photographer, but the work of three serious-minded professors at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, H. E. Edgerton, K. J. Germeshausen, and H. E. Grier.

The most startling picture in the group is that of a coffee-cup in the act of smashing on the floor, and the brew within spouting up and out, but more difficult to obtain were the feeding humming-birds. They appear to be stationary, but actually their wings were moving at the amazing speed of sixty beats per second.

The M. I. T. camera also shows what happens to a football when it takes the toe of a kicker like Wesley E. Fesler, end coach of the Harvard eleven. The ball was inflated to a pressure of 13 pounds to the square inch, and was not as soft as it looks.

The bullet photograph was taken without the use of a lens, in silhouette against the film. Similar pictures were made as long as ten



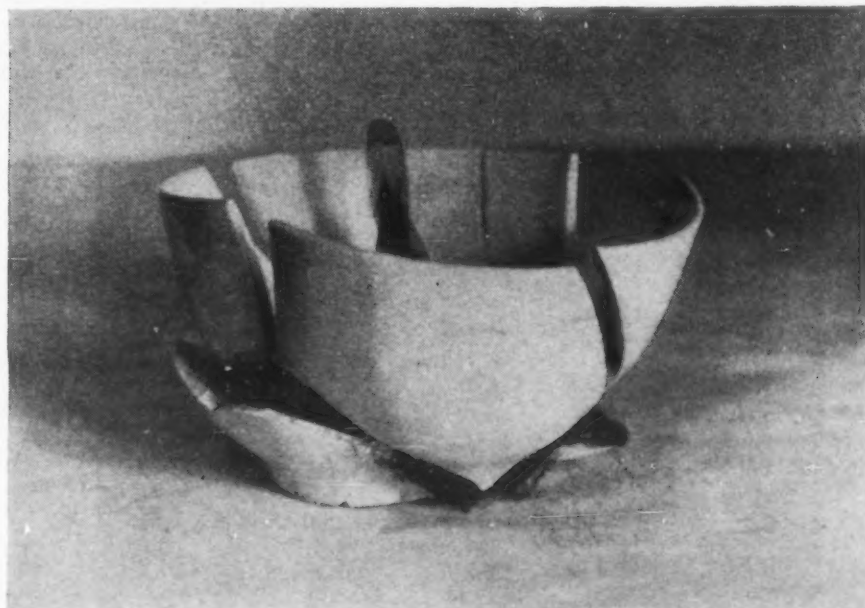
Humming-birds' wings generally look like blurs of light, for they make sixty beats per second. The flash camera made what is believed to be the first photograph of the bird's wing action

or fifteen years ago, but this one is exceptional because it shows the sound wave travelling just ahead of the bullet, and the atmospheric disturbance in its wake. It is also possible to get photographs now of hot air columns rising from a candle or gas flame, the clash of two sound waves travelling in opposite directions, and other hitherto invisible phenomena. Such photographs are of great value to professors and students alike, for they present in a highly dramatic way visual proof of text-book theories which are often difficult to explain verbally.

High-speed pictures like these depend on two things—the brevity of the exposure, and the brightness of the illumination. The M. I. T. pictures were taken with exposures of about one millionth of a second, using a concentrated electric spark produced by a condenser charged to nearly 10,000 volts. Spark and camera click were mechanically synchronized to catch the photographed object at the crucial moment.



A football blown up to a pressure of 13 pounds to the square inch appears to cave when snapped by the high-speed camera. The kicking foot belongs to Wesley Fesler, end coach of the Harvard team



You're good if you guess that this is a coffee cup ending its career. Dropped on the floor, the camera snaps just as the china smashes on the outside, and the coffee makes a miniature waterspout in the center





The Sonja Henie who won ten world's championships in figure skating, wearing the Olympic emblem. She is flanked by the sophisticated and mysterious Sonja Henie of Hollywood

20th Century Fox Film

## Evolution of an ice queen

## The Norwegian skating marvel skips daintily from the shimmering ice to the silver screen

**P**ERT little Sonja Henie, the Norwegian skating marvel who always wanted to be in the movies, is getting her chance now. She who has skipped daintily on her toes into the hearts of thousands in Europe and America now has the opportunity to do it all over again, using the silver screen, instead of the shimmering ice, as her medium.

The graceful blonde-haired ice queen is on her way to becoming a Hollywood star. Already the art of make-up has transformed the unaffected figure skater into an alluring, sophisticated personality.

Sonja has been dancing on skates since she was seven years old. Her poise and balance, and the dramatic quality which she injected into her performances of classical dances made her known as the Pavlova of the ice. Her artistry won the world's championship for the past ten years and the Olympic championship in 1928, 1932 and 1936. There were no more amateur crowns to win when

she turned professional last March.

She knew the applause of royalty in Germany, England and in her own Norway, and had captivated crowds in London, Budapest, Montreal and New York. Her dazzling skating, with

its skips, turns, swings and spurts, had placed her far above all contestants in international competition. The little seven year old girl who pleaded with her father

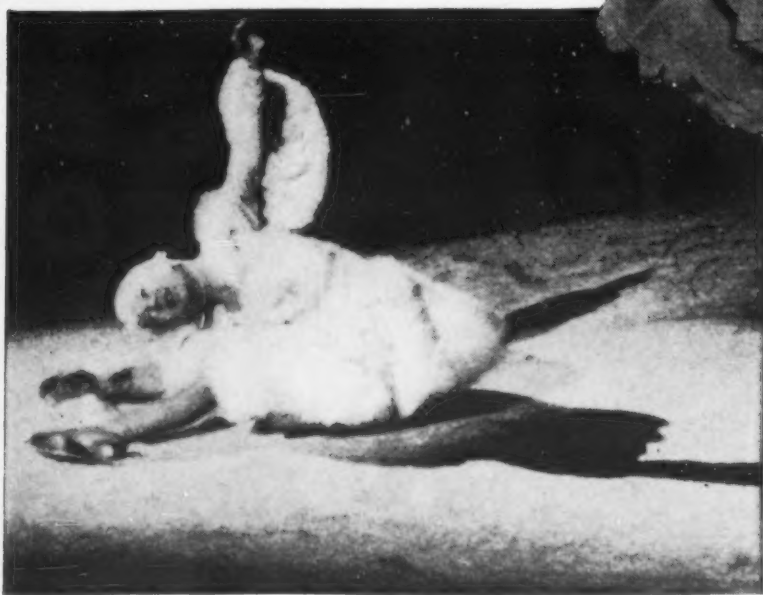
for a pair of ice skates, found herself at twenty-four with no new worlds to conquer.

And so she turned to the motion pictures, because she always wanted to act. Anyone who had seen her skate could have told her that she had been acting for seventeen years. Every performance, from dramatic entrance on the ice, through the toe runs, loops and spirals, had been a dramatic performance on a slippery stage. She is merely continuing her dramatic career under brighter lights.



International

The Norwegian skater at the height of her amazing career, before she turned professional



International

The end of her famous "Dying Swan"

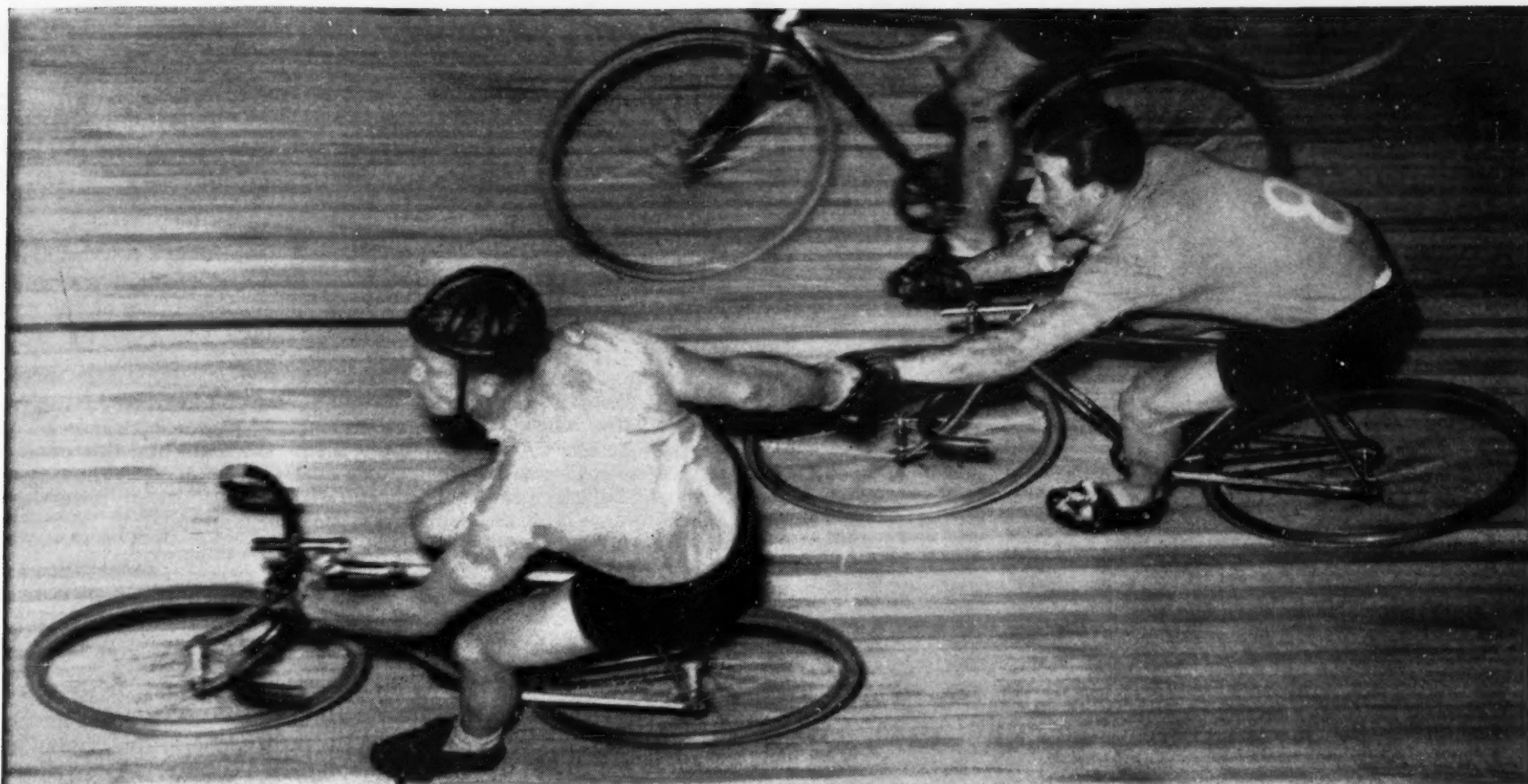


International

Carving intricate designs on ice

MID-WEEK PICTORIAL, The Newpicture Weekly





International

Tony Schaller (8) gets a helping hand as he relieves his partner, Lew Rush, in a race at San Francisco

## Follow The Leader On Two Wheels

Nobody has yet discovered how the referee of a six-day bicycle race keeps count of the brightly clad pack swirling around the banked track. The thousands who will see the New York race beginning November 29th will have the same trouble trying to decide who is ahead at any given time as did the Chicago fans during the race which ended there last Saturday night.

It isn't until the announcer reports

the referee's decision over the loud speaker that the crowd knows which team stole a lap, or who won the last sprint. The news sometimes is as much a surprise to the announcer as it is to the crowd.

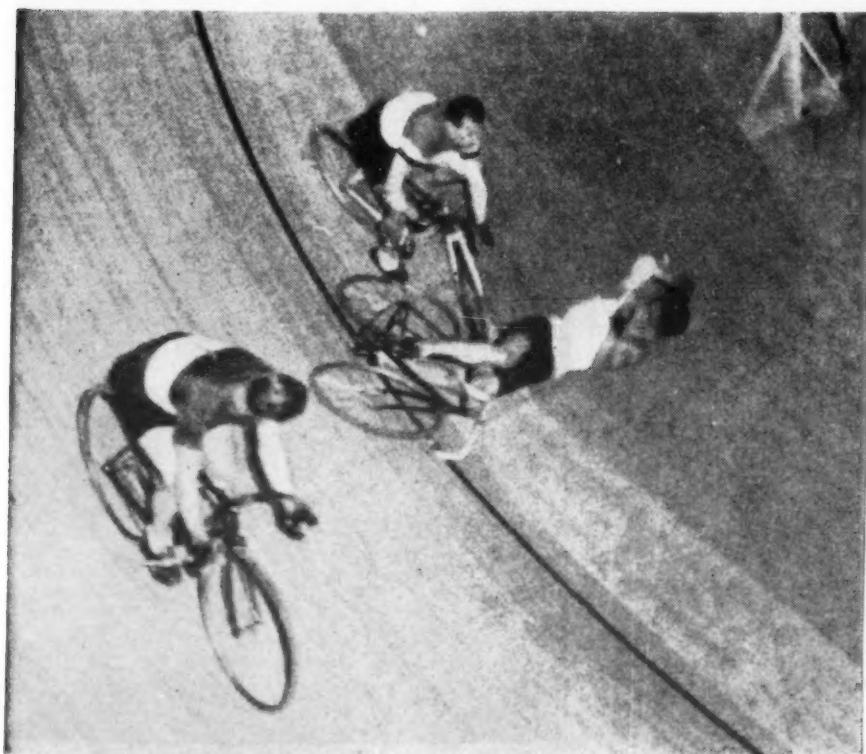
But picking the leading team during a wild period of jamming, with the crowd yelling itself hoarse and not even caring who's ahead, is an old story to Frank Kramer, former American sprint champion, who

The six-day bicycle rider who doesn't closely follow the leader not only loses the race but is fined by the referee as well



International

The pack swings around the turn in Madison Square Garden



Wide World

Hitting the pine boards sometimes means splinters . . .

referees the New York races twice a year. He has been a referee since 1922, and doesn't even get dizzy watching the pedalers chase each other.

One of his functions, in fact, is to see that they keep chasing each other. Any rider who lags behind and refuses to give chase to a rival trying to jump the field is fined on the spot. The fines range from \$5 to \$25.

Such fines are small though, compared to the earnings of a six-day racer who is popular with the fans. He may be paid from \$100 to \$500 a day, and can pick up additional money and prizes offered by spectators for special sprints.



Wide World

. . . or broken bones



# His Laughter Lingers Long

So we celebrate a centennial for W. S. Gilbert, the mirthful satirist who found pomp and circumstance merely—funny.



Lucas-Pritchard Studio

Sir William Schwenck Gilbert. Born Nov. 18, 1836. Died May 29, 1911.  
Wrote the libretti for the Gilbert & Sullivan Operas

**B**ORN one hundred years ago this November 18, and dead these twenty-five years, William Schwenck Gilbert is today the most successful author of light opera librettos living or dead, and next to Shakespeare the most quoted author in the English language.

Lyricist of the foibles of mankind, his singular wit, having circumscribed its object, never fails to turn in upon itself, expose for a foible the very verse which contains it.

But thank whatever gods may be for foibles! Without them what would Gilbert have written? He was duly grateful to the providence that furnished him so abundantly with material for his inspiration. Egocen-

tricity, hypocrisy, meanness were after all admirable qualities so long as he could make the world laugh at them. He was no reformer. He had no desire to rid the world of big and little wigs with delusions of grandeur or to even rid them of their delusions. They were grist for the mill of laughter to be cherished and cultivated. Highly infectious is Gilbert's broadly inclusive humor, dangerously so perhaps—for under its influence you will neither despair at nor revile miscarriages of justice, abuses of power or the behavior of the high and mighty in general, you will be highly amused—no more and assuredly no less.

After presenting a thoroughly in-

famous or a wholly magnificent or a completely noble Gilbertian personage you are invited to view his other side. The subject is turned about for you and you gaze into its interior, and whereas like one half a hollow cast, on one side it sticks out, on the reverse it sinks in, the deepest indentures being where the nose and other protuberances are shaped. Thus when we are confronted with an iron jawed, iron willed high officer in the Queen's Naaavy and he is duly reversed for our interior inspection we discover he has no jaw at all and, God forbid, any will at all. Only the features for which he is not the least famous are in evidence. He has temples that swell with intellect and his disposition, like his jaw, is retiring.

It is too bad Mussolini came half a century or so too late. What a portrait in concavities Gilbert would have made of Il Duce. You may be sure the librettist would have found qualities never to be suspected in Der Fuehrer. He would have discerned perhaps that all Hitler's subsequent actions grew out of his original dis-

appointment at learning of the non-existence of the Easter Rabbit—just such a disillusioning experience would turn a child of the type he must have been to Wotan and Jew-baiting in adulthood.

According to Gilbertian lights back of every effect of personality exists a singular cause—men are much the same, all men, and like causes produce similar effects. Thus, inversely, all pirates must of necessity have been orphan children, because nothing less than the sad lot of an orphan could possibly produce so consummate a villain as a pirate.

Life, according to the Gilbertian philosophy is a pretty simple proposition. And that perhaps is the essential reason of his present widespread popularity. In such complicated times simplicity and laughter, that laughs at its source are at a premium. . . . Then it's just possible that life can be reduced to Easter Rabbit terms and that the world turns out to hear Gilbert's posthumous voice because there is a great deal of truth in what it says.



Lucas-Pritchard Studio

Silver-voiced Miss Sylvia Cecil as she appears in the title rôle of "Princess Ida"



D'Oyly Carte Opera Company

The Savoyard Star, Mr. Darrell Fancourt as "Sir Roderic Murgatroyd" in "Ruddigore"



DeBelle Studio

Miss Marjorie Eyre and Mr. Martin Green in "The Yeomen of the Guard"



DeBelle Studio

Pretty Miss Elizabeth Mickell-Lean as she appears in the title rôle of "Iolanthe"



Mr. Sydney Granville as "The Sergeant of Police" in "The Pirates of Penzance"



# The Theatre of the Moment

By George Jean Nathan

IN a critical performance upon the Kaufman-Ferber *Stage Door* which appeared in this place a couple of weeks ago, I offered the gratuitous opinion—not without punctilious apologies—that I didn't believe any such patently synthetic show could enjoy a very prolonged run, what with the recent greatly increased intelligence and perception of our theatre audiences. From present indications, it appears that I overestimated the improvement in those audiences, as they seem to be eating it up. They certainly seem to be taking a dirty advantage of my hitherto unassailable acumen in the way of prognostication.

While, as I duly pointed out at the time, it is none of a critic's business to have anything to say about the box-office chances of the plays he criticizes, I couldn't on this occasion resist the feeling that a play like *Stage Door*, deliberately aimed at the box-office though it was, wouldn't because of the very apparent deliberation of that aim fail of its purpose. I had begun to believe, in this era of our theatre, that if you told a man, metaphorically, you were going to sock him in the nose that the man would naturally guard his nose and fool you. But I am undoubtedly wrong. Our audiences can evidently not only still get it and take it on the nose, but on the chin as well. In this respect and in this respect only, may the Kaufman-Ferber exhibit be said to be a wallop, nay, a knock-out. Think of audiences today, and large audiences too, packing a theatre and laughing heartily when they hear paraphrased repetition No. 8,275 of Max Marcin's old query in *Cheating Cheaters*, "How many r's are there in murder?"—this time it is "How many l's are there in allure?" Think of theoretically advanced audiences roaring with mirth when a flapper actress announces her aspiration to play Hedda Gabler, when a boy actor says that he played the Emperor Jones last week and is going to play Hamlet all of next and, in reply to a surprised interrogation, allows that it was at the New York School of Acting, and when an old dodo proposes to a young girl that they step out and have a hot time and she sarcastically suggests an Italian restaurant. You think of it. I can't.

If you are one to relish such peculiar mental exercise, go on and think of co-playwrights so ferociously intent on popping the yap box-office with hokum that, in the out-of-town try-out period, they changed the name of the old dodo in question from Ben Dexter to Lou Milhauser to make sure of a vaudeville laugh; think of them converting their original character of an accurately pictured arrogant young Communist playwright into a marshmallow juvenile in order to make him more boobishly "sympathetic"; and think of such stock characters as the girl who can't get a job in the theatre,

who can't endure the shudderful thought of returning to her cruel husband and who throws herself out of a window; the fat, vulgar movie magnifico who constantly puffs at a fat cigar and lasciviously eyes the bodies of girls who apply to him for jobs; the two gay old boys, business men from out of town, who want to show the girls the sights; the poor little heroine who longs to be a great actress and who works at Macy's to tide herself over; the temperamental, chalk-faced, carmined-lipped spurious Russian actress, duly named Olga; the little girl without an iota of talent who is intent upon being the new Duse or Bernhardt, her name, for comedy effect, Bernice Niemeyer; and a dozen more out of the same old storehouse trunk.

If you aren't ready to faint, continue bravely to think of the venerable humor based on the chance that virginity stands in getting a job on the stage, of the Hollywood movie actress who brings back as a present to her old theatrical girl friends a large picture of herself, of the dry-faced, sharp-tongued female who stands to one side of the stage during a large part of the evening and delivers, cuckoo-clock-like, the authors' wisecracks, and of the heroine's final curtain line, now that she has the job she coveted, to the effect that it will at last give her her other greatest wish, to wit, to have a bedroom to herself. As I have said, you think of it. Then, when you are through thinking of it, think, if you can, of audiences delighting in it. And then think, despite the fact that evidently I was wrong, whether you wouldn't have thought as I thought: that such stuff, together with a lot more like it, wouldn't in this advanced dramatic day and age have driven an audience to mutter whatever is the polite equivalent of nuts.

Right or wrong about audiences and *Stage Door*—and, at that, a few months may tell a different story—it is a million dollars against a cameo of Otto Harbach that the musical comedy, *Forbidden Melody*, which he wrote in collaboration with Sigmund Romberg, can't possibly succeed in drawing paying customers into the New Amsterdam theatre for any length of time at all. If that guess is wrong, I'll eat not only my words, to say nothing of my hat, but I'll go so far as to eat the words in Mr. Harbach's book and lyrics, which will be penance, take it from me, in the grand order.

What we got here was the mildewed plum about the handsome young Roumanian lieutenant, a devil with the women, who, in order to throw dust in the eyes of his colonel with whose wife he was having an affair, pretended to be interested in a music hall singer and wound up by falling in love with her. As you undoubtedly recall that one ever since you were a baby, I needn't add that this version again duly opened with the scene in a supper restaurant

in which everyone was dressed up like a fruit salad and stamped around in a gay frenzy, the while a tzigane band, dressed up like so many Radio City Music Hall ladies' toilets, banged away for dear life, and that it again subsequently and duly offered, seriatim, a song called "Moonlight and Violins," another called "Hear the Gypsies Playing," a terpsichorean specialty by a lady named Nitza in which, dressed like a blutwurst encased in satin, Nitza alternately undulated her rear and projected her right leg forward, a scene in which the heroine indignantly slapped the flirtatious lieutenant's face and in which the lieutenant thereupon humorously pretended to be severely injured, a low comedian whose ambition it was to play the bassoon, a pair of eccentric dancers, and several episodes in which the handsome young lieutenant successively passed himself off as a humble waiter, as a player in the tzigane band and as his own servant. Nor need I go to the trouble to tell you that the characters bore the names Theodor (leader of the gypsy band), Kazdu (a singer), Katcha (another singer), Alexis Constantine, Gregor Florescu, Colonel Geza, Rozsa (his wife), Yanczi (a dancer), and Captain Fedovitch, or that one of the scenes represented the royal suite in the Hotel Buda.

The star of the occasion was a Mr. Carl Brisson, a Danish gentleman who has hitherto, it seems, been appearing in the motion pictures. In the insistence of Mr. Harbach's book and of the other characters on the stage, Mr. Brisson was not only God's especial gift to women, but a creature possessed of the combined attributes of Mordkin, Caruso, J. P. Morgan, Jack Dempsey, Clark

Gable, Knute Rockne, Ernest Boyd, Tommy Hitchcock, Aldous Huxley and Adrian, the costumier. What the audience saw was rather a tall and good-looking, if somewhat chunky, fellow with two cute dimples and an indefatigable *maitre d'hôtel* smile who wore his clothes well and who sang pretty badly, danced worse, read his lines with a soubrette roguishness and comported himself generally like a poor amalgamated imitation of Chevalier, Jack Buchanan and Maxie Baer.

Max Catto, author of *Green Waters*, unveiled at the Masque, is another of those playwrights who subscribes to the credo that all illegitimate children are gifted with a strange sensitivity and are given to a love for poetry and music. The two male specimens of illegitimacy which he displays in his exhibit accordingly spend a great deal of time either talking about Tennyson or playing Chopin and Beethoven on the piano. Considering the quality of the play in which he has imbedded them, however, it isn't likely that they will long be embarrassing audiences by doing it.

*Green Waters* is laid among the folk of the west coast of Scotland, a number of whom in the revelation at the Masque confound the trade by speaking with a rich Dublin brogue. As in most plays laid on the coast of any country north of latitude 55, the characters alternately occupy themselves in loudly hating one another and in warming themselves at a large grate fire. Mr. Catto, whose first play this is said to be, writes like a man reading a couple of bad novels simultaneously. The entire enterprise, including the acting, is—was is by this time doubtless more exact—pretty dismal.



Helen Hays pauses to read her mail before making up for *Victoria Regina* which, in the dim future when that play is off the boards, will be remembered as one of the finest characterizations of our time



# Of England and the English

Britain, becoming film-conscious, turns back through time for themes out of the Empire's past . . . with Hollywood hot on its heels . . .

**T**HE last few years have witnessed an astonishing growth in the English cinema industry. Once a producer of extremely poor motion pictures, most of them polite drawing room farces, or aristocratic crime thrillers, today Britain has developed several outstanding producers, added several celebrities to the list of screen stars, and set a new pace in well directed productions.

Not only have the Englishmen learned from the technical efficiency of Hollywood (their camera and sound technique do not yet equal the extraordinary mechanical talent of Hollywood), but on many occasions the Thames has given lessons in filmmaking to the Gold Coasters.

The recent thriller "39 Steps" which reset the star of Robert Donat, after Hollywood's production of the "Count



Madeleine Carroll in "Lloyds of London"



Vivien Leigh and Laurence Olivier in "Fire Over England"

of Monte Cristo" had proved unsatisfactory, was an unusual type of crime film that magnificently used the form of the detective story for different purposes. Its release in America unleashed a series of duplicate efforts by the California film people, which, however, lacked the fire, cleverness and directorial brilliance which had gone into the British product.

The two largest British film producing units undoubtedly are London Film, headed by the shrewd Alexander Korda, and Gaumont-British, which not long ago was in the process of being merged with the Schenck Hollywood interests. It has since been bought by a group of English magnates.

Korda's newly completed productions include "Rembrandt," a biographical drama starring Charles Laughton as the famous Flemish painter; "Fire Over England," a his-



Charles Laughton as "Rembrandt" in Korda's film

torical film of the reign of Queen Elizabeth and which depicts the maritime battle of the Island with the Spanish Armada, starring Flora Robson in the role of Elizabeth; "Men Are Not Gods," a spy story, with Miriam Hopkins attempting her first English film.

English history, however, does not remain the private hunting preserves of the English. Hollywood also has poached on the Empire's history. The newest affection the American films have developed for a British story deals with Lloyd's of London, the internationally known insurance house, which Twentieth Century Fox has undertaken to tell. Scheduled for release about December "Lloyds of London" will star Freddie Bartholomew, Madeleine Carroll, who broke into American prominence with "The General Died at Dawn," Sir Guy Standing, and Tyrone Power.



Freddie Bartholomew stars in "Lloyds of London"



Flora Robson as Queen Elizabeth in "Fire Over England"



# Movie Stuff and Stuffings

You sat in class in fourth term high, taking English 4, and Miss Smith or Miss Early, or whatever her name was, said, attention, please, we will now open to Act Two, Scene One, In the Forest of Arden, and you had to answer questions: Who was Duke Fredric? Why did the banished Duke prefer the forest to the court? Do you agree with him? Until it wasn't a play at all you were reading, it was a homework assignment, and you had to wait until you saw Mr. Paul Czinzer's production of "As You Like It" on the screen, with Elizabeth Bergner as Rosalind, before you knew the simple adventures and the affection Shakespeare had put into this pastoral comedy.

Shakespeare, anyway, was always to English what Mr. Bryce was to American history, you never learned much of either, and maybe that is the most important thing about the epidemic of Shakespearean productions that has hit the cinema industry. Maybe this is Resurrection Day for the Bard. And perhaps while his Romeo stabs himself in the Astor, and his Hamlet threatens to cut his step-father's throat in the Empire, and his Puck squeezes a magical sleep on the eyelids of lovers in the Loew's circuit, we are about to witness the second coming of the manager of the Globe Theatre in London who wrote poetry on the side.

The Czinzer production, the first English cinema effort at Shakespeare, competently recreates the Arcadian world the poet built in the idyllic forest of Arden. From the opening sequences which introduce the immaculately blue skies and the whistling of birds of an English spring, the film maintains a bright, luminous, transparent clarity that is perfectly in the mood of the pastoral shepherd's song that Shakespeare half mocked and half sang. But this is Miss Bergner's "As You Like It" as much as Shakespeare's. Miss Bergner's Rosalind in Germany was supposed to have been one of the finest things of the German stage before General Goering became the patron saint of the State Opera House. I think her English Rosalind is also one of the fine things of the English screen. The personable quality which Bergner injects into her heroines, that pathetic, mischievous, childlike mannerism, that wide-eyed innocence and adolescent sensitivity, must have been something of the Rosalind who ran away from court, and swaggered, as though through a Commencement play, through Arden in doublet and hose and short sword. Even despite the Teutonic accent that lies like a shadow over the poetry, Bergner's reading is fresh and effective. In fact, this English cast gives one of the best readings of blank verse the screen has yet had. Felix Aylmer, in particular, as the sombre, irascible, Duke Fredric has an almost perfect control of English hexameter, and Leon Quartermaine has supplied the delivery of the famous "All the world's a stage" speech with interesting timing and impressive voice.

"As You Like It" is a simple and

sane production of what is Shakespeare's second-rate best, a lover's comedy of philosophy, and a philosopher's comedy of love, through which shines pathetically Shakespeare's dream of a pleasant world inhabited by warm fools and dignified exiles in which supper would be genially salted with wit and hovering angels attended us.

*Come and Get It.* A Samuel Goldwyn production.

The Goldwyn adaptation of Edna Ferber's novel is competent enough as a film, dramatic within the limits of what Hollywood understands as drama, though the possibilities inherent in the theme of the film have been treated only half-heartedly. The underlying theme of "Come and Get It" reminds me of the kind of lectures now being delivered before Young Men's Business Clubs. It is a kind of "Advice To the Young Men of Wall Street", a intimate talk of

the sins of the fathers of holding companies, interlocking directorates, and pyramided stocks. It says, in effect, "Gentlemen, you came when America was young. You bought up the land, you financed the railroads, you sold the timberlands, you purchased the coal mines. You came and got it, and you got rich coming. But the railroads are bankrupt, the land erodes, the mines are cutting on production, and the timberland is destroyed. You came and got it so fast and furiously, with no thought of tomorrow, that you had to pay a penalty. And what is that penalty?" The answer that "Come and Get It" gives is the penalty of lovelessness. Miss Ferber's and Mr. Goldwyn's Barney Glasgow (Edward Arnold) came and got it from the Wisconsin woods to the biggest pulp and paper in the state. He hacked the timber out of the rich forests, he made a money marriage with the

boss's daughter, he built the finest house in the county. But he walked out on the only love affair he had had, a dance girl in an Iron Ridge saloon, to marry the boss's daughter. Twenty years after the night he walked out the girl, Lotta (Frances Farmer), had a daughter, Lotta (Frances Farmer), and Barney wanted to "come and get it" all over again. (There's a lotta Lottas here). Love triumphs, however. The Lotta twenty years after falls for Barney's "enlightened" son, Richard (Joel McCrae), Barney's daughter marries a millhand, (though not just an ordinary millhand, he's invented a paper lily cup), and Barney is left with nothing but his millions, ringing a dinner bell furiously in the final fade-out for the big employee's party thrown on the family estate, shouting wildly (through tear-dimmed eyes—that's the penalty) "Come and get it! Come and get it!"



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For Radio Fans Only—

## Mother Harriet Says:

"I'm a little old woman, and I don't take up much space"

PEGGY HARRIET is a radio fan who has never listened to a radio set. She thinks that broadcast programs are too mechanical. Yet 65 year old Mrs. Harriet hasn't missed more than a dozen major CBS broadcasts in the past three years. She hears these programs at their source—in the studios.

Shortly after Columbia opened its radio playhouse in New York's Hudson Theatre on West 44th Street Mrs. Harriet presented herself to Arthur La Tour, house manager. "I'm a little old woman," she said, "and I don't take up much space. Do you think you might let me in?"

Today Mrs. Harriet has her year-round reserved seat in each of the three Columbia playhouses. She has two seats in each theatre, as a matter of fact, one in the first row for comedy programs and the other in the fifth row for musical productions. Every Columbia employee knows her as Mother Harriet. Many artists consider her their mascot. Morton Downey once refused to broadcast until she was located and brought to the studio.

National Broadcasting Company officials have sent frequent emissaries to win Mrs. Harriet over to the Radio City studios but she doesn't like to ride in their elevators—she heard how speedy they are.

Andre Kostelanetz is her favorite orchestral conductor, Nino Martini, her favorite male singer, and Kate Smith, her favorite femme.

She lives alone at the Hotel Taft which she chose because of its proximity to the Columbia Playhouse on Broadway. She loves music; played the piano; but is unable to play now because of her advanced years.

Mrs. Harriet is perhaps foremost of the thousands who fill the radio playhouses each week. Yet as recently as four years ago, the studio audience was the doorstep baby of broadcasting. Unwelcomed by radio executives and artists alike, it was only because of the sponsor's insistence that they were allowed at all.

Early in 1933, representative radio comedians gathered at a luncheon in New York's Algonquin Hotel to decide whether or not to do away with studio audiences all together. Among those present were Groucho and Chico Marx, Jimmy Durante, Jack Pearl and Jack Benny. Nothing much was decided however except that Durante could play a mean piano, superseded only by the thaumaturgical skill of Chico Marx, as demonstrated on a rickety upright in a corner of the small dining room. In between the mock turtle soup and the baked fresh ham, Durante made a speech for the benefit of the photographers. Groucho punned and Chico laughed. Chico punned and Groucho returned the favor. But the fate of the studio audience was not

determined.

It is doubtful that the studio audience would have cared much one way or another. At the time, studio audiences were jammed in small studios, so close to the orchestra that on one occasion a Local 802 delegate demanded their union cards. The performer played right into the microphone and it was impossible to hear anything but a faint muttering. Coughing and even whispering was picked up by the sensitive microphone and many were the ukases concerning these. Only on very few occasions did anybody ask to visit a broadcast a second time.

Exactly three years ago, Nov. 11, NBC opened its new offices in Rockefeller Center. An Inaugural program lasting several hours was played in the mammoth studio 8H before an audience of 1500. Seated comfortably in cushioned chairs, hearing the broadcast as clearly as a stage production, this studio audience went down in the record as having enjoyed itself.

Word of this new deal for the studio audience spread rapidly and soon the broadcast companies were deluged with requests for tickets. Columbia Broadcasting found itself without any facilities to accommodate the clamoring hordes so leased the Frolic Theatre, atop the New Amsterdam. In rapid succession, the

Hudson Theatre, the Alvin, the Little and, most recently, the Hammerstein—Billy Rose's Music Hall, R. I. P.—were added. All these were converted into broadcasting studios and are in operation today—with the exception of the Frolic and the Little.

Soon comedians discovered that the studio audience could be utilized to point up laughs. When the studio audience laughed, they reasoned, folks at the radio knew that a joke had been made. So those who see their radio favorites in person were treated to programs in which the comedian dressed in outlandish and mirth-provoking—he hoped—costumes. Gags were not told to an unresponsive microphone but delivered to the studio audience. Mugging—the facial contortions which every comedian learns in vaudeville—was introduced as an additional laugh-getter. There was a disadvantage in this, though, for the vast audience listening at the radio could not see the costumes or the mugging and didn't know what all the laughing was about.

The sudden rise in popularity of Major Bowes and his amateurs created a new cycle in radio. People, it seems, reasoned radio production men, seem to like the idea of untried and unprofessional talent on the networks. Couldn't some further use be made of the studio audience?



Wendell Hall—The Bronx burghers and the Park Avenue plutes sing for him

Walter O'Keefe started the studio audiences singing his hillbilly tunes—remember "The Man On the Flying Trapeze." This year he is asking them to act in radio melodramas as a feature of his broadcasts. Then too there are the NBC Question Bee and the CBS Professor Quiz programs in which the studio audience is asked to play the old game of "Ask Me Another."

As a matter of fact, the nimble radio fan can earn a decent stipend if he appears in enough studio audiences. O'Keefe pays five dollars to his dramatists. On each of the Quiz programs he may earn a minimum of five dollars or a prize of twenty-five dollars for the greatest number of correct answers.

But by far the most ambitious use of the talents of the studio audience is the Sunday Night Community Sings. Broadcast over the largest hookup in radio, these CBS programs present Bronx burghers and Park Avenue plutes alike singing such time-worn favorites as "Put On Your Old Gray Bonnet," "Has Anybody Here Seen Kelly," and "Come Josephine in My Flying Machine."

The Community Sing broadcasts have introduced a new radio technique. On the air at ten P.M., the audience is instructed that the doors will close at 9:30. This half hour is used to create the proper frame of mind for singing. Songleader Wendell Hall, a radio veteran of "It Ain't Gonna Rain No More" fame, puts them through the scales. Comedian Milton Berle functions as master of ceremonies. Billie Jones and Ernie Hare—remember the Happiness Boys—ask the audience to join them in song. All the appurtenances of the homegrown community sing popular on the lawn of every church in America are employed—even the song slides. At 10 P.M. the program is on the air.

For three quarters of an hour, the studio audience is the star of the broadcast. Allowing for interruptions by Milton Berle and other featured members of the cast, the audience sings eight to twelve songs.



Prominent in every studio audience is 65 year old Mrs. Peggy Harriet



## A Modern Munchausen

(Continued from page 20)

the end of an airplane flight to Berlin, Jew Trebitsch probably saved the life of a pale little Bavarian army corporal named Adolf Hitler.

After gathering capital to the extent of 200,000 Czech crowns by the forgery and sale to the government of "state" documents proving that the Hungarian Army was about to invade Austria, Trebitsch journeyed to the Orient and set himself up as a miniature Basil Zaharoff. The war-lords of China needed weapons, and Trebitsch supplied them. It was the most profitable business imaginable, buying up old left-overs from the war of 1870 in Europe, and selling them for new in China. The logical result was that Trebitsch became chief political adviser to General Wu Pei-Fu, ruler of North China.

Pei-Fu was a Buddhist, and Trebitsch of course became one too. Somehow, this conversion "took." In Ceylon he entered a monastery, and for months begged on the streets in an ecstasy of penitence. Then he learned by chance that his son was about to be hanged for murder in England, and he hurried to London, arriving three days late for the execution. England refused him entry, so back he went to China. When he completed his training for Buddhist monkhood he as ordained in the faith—the first white man in China to earn that distinction. So Ignatius Timotheus Trebitsch-Lincoln became Abbot Chao Kung, and remains so to this day. About the only thing that he has retained from his earlier life is an abiding hatred of England and everything English. He seems determined to embarrass that nation as much as he can. His latest attempt came when he led a group of twelve Buddhist disciples from China to Europe, for the purpose of converting the Christian heathen to the Oriental religion. England expelled the group, but not before Trebitsch uttered this prophetic speech:

"I want it particularly understood that if I am not allowed entry into any country in Europe, the time will come for all Christian missionaries in China to get their luggage ready and go home."

Trebitsch spoke with the voice of several hundred million Buddhists, and there is nothing about him to make anyone think that he won't carry out his threat—if he can.

If a man with Trebitsch-Lincoln's force, but lacking his reputation as a charlatan, were the leader of this "abbots" crusade against Western religions, such a movement might gain considerable headway. It is Trebitsch-Lincoln's past that rises up to forbid him a foothold in the Occident. No Buddhist monk, however well intentioned, can compete against an unimaginative police force that considers him only as "Criminal File No. ...." The question arises, "Is this modern Cagliostro, this Munchausen, to be believed and trusted when he declares he has achieved innocence and Nirvana in a monastery?" or, to put it more bluntly and in the vernacular, what is his racket?

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Dr. Henry Thomas, the author of this book, is an A.B., M.A. and Ph.D. All of these degrees he received at Harvard where he did extensive editorial work and writing on historical subjects. He is the editor of the College Anthology, The Stratford Magazine and a number of other bulletins as well as a lecturer on history in Boston University Extension Course.

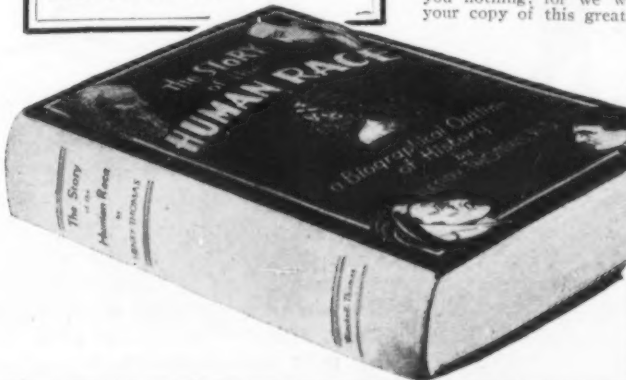
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# IT'S IN THE NEWS!

by ERIC GODAL



## STAFF OF LIFE

Mrs. Wheat, California schoolmarm, criticized her husband's cooking, his not darning her clothes and the children's, and refused to take him to places of amusement. So affirms Mr. Wheat in his cross suit for divorce which demands alimony and disavows acts of cruelty with which Mrs. Wheat charges him.



## PENOLOGICAL ETUDE

Upon Gerald De Sousa, 17, possessor of burglar tools, refused to plead guilty to a misdemeanor, insisted on his right to trial by jury on an indictment charging felony. Miss Ella Bernard, of Brooklyn, his appointed counsel, asked the court to give her ten minutes alone with the youth—and a hairbrush.

The Court granted her request and she persuaded her client to plead guilty to the lesser charge.

## OPENING NIGHT



## COME COMMUNISM

For purchasing a bad scenario, countenancing excessive production expense, and wasting money searching for talent, three Soviet cinema executives were sentenced to a total of 7 years at hard labor. Hollywood papers please copy.



## MAJESTY OF JUSTICE

"I do not smoke, drink or gamble, 'I do nothing bad,' Sam Rubenstein told the Brooklyn magistrate. 'Except hit me!' his wife shouted, His Honor asked Sam where his wings were. Then he sentenced Sam to take his wife to the movies.

## Antoine Commands Milady Obeys

(Continued from page 15)

then sent to all his salons. The other smart hair-dressers of the world usually fall in line with his ideas—and that is how well-dressed women in most parts of the world are to look each season, and that is all there is to it.

While clothes can make a great deal of difference in the appearance of a woman—to some extent alter her whole personality—they are, after all, only a base for her face, a pedestal on which her head rests, and it is the head that counts most. Now, women can change only one feature of their faces each season in their perpetual effort to assume newer, more striking personalities than before—and that is their hair. A successful new way of wearing her hair can do more to improve a woman's appearance, do more to accentuate her personality, than clothes or any other single thing. Hence the tremendous importance of new style trends in hair-dressing—hence Antoine's enormous prestige in the world of fashion, reflected by a \$5,000,000 a year gross from his various enterprises.

Antoine takes himself very seriously as an artist. He is an accomplished sculptor as well as a creative coiffeur. And above all, always and always, he is an egoist. "Always in my art," he says, "I make people come up to me. I never go down to them." His motto in life, he says, has been "Never profane your theory." After the briefest acquaintanceship with Antoine one knows that he means by that "Never change your theory, even if you are wrong." And one knows also that it is a good motto for him—because he is not often likely to be wrong.

A pictorial history of civilization, Antoine will argue, shows how important the art of hair dressing has been through the ages, from the moment, long ago. Then the first cave woman brushed her hair—perhaps with thistles—and watches the growing admiration in the eyes of her husband. Every Egyptian tomb that was ever opened discloses how necessary the hairdresser was to the social life of the Nile, and in that golden age even the man-of-the-house had his beard cultivated and oiled and marcelled. No jungle inhabitants have ever been found who completely neglected the coiffure. African natives let their imaginations run riot with hirsute architecture, with cones and pyramids, whorls and curls and bone ornaments. The desire, therefore, to improve upon the adornment provided by Nature, seems to be universal. Antoine's success is based on this universal trait.



# Fashions Are Made, Not Born

A glimpse into the making of an American dress, telling how the frock gets from paper to cloth

**I**N MARCH, when the streets are still slushy and the cold winds still blow, models are being draped in summer cottons, and designers are selecting what Mrs. Citizen shall wear to the Fourth of July bridge party. In August, tailors and seamstresses are

sweating over furs and wools. In October, buyers are hunting Palm Beach clothes to stock in their stores.

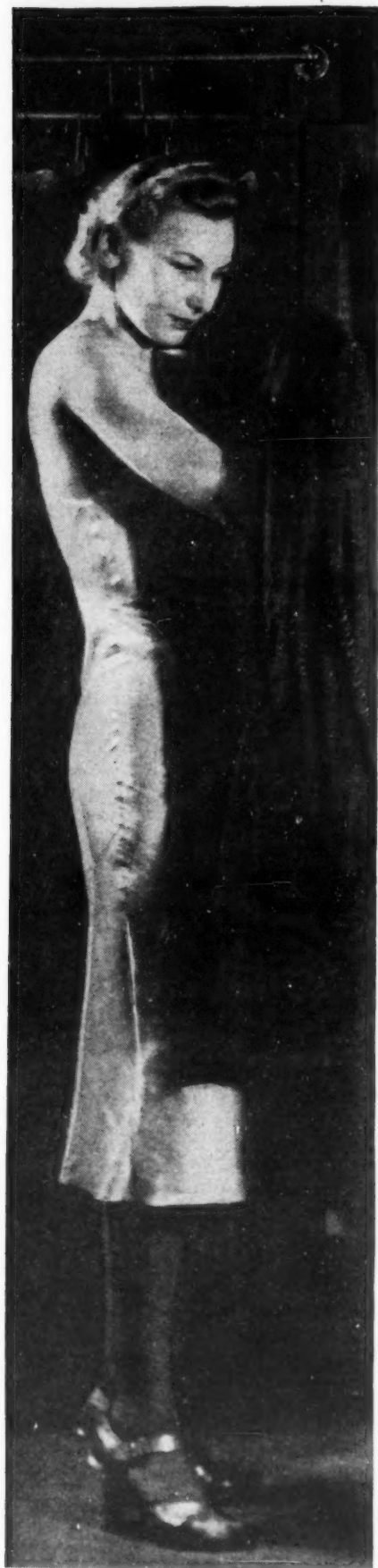
The designing trade is intricate, the process is long, and the requirements are a sound knowledge of fabric and of the market, a sixth sense for the spring foibles of a woman now sporting a fall suit, and an ingenuity equal to producing as many as twenty designs a day.

The basis of the designing establishment is the seasonal collection of fabrics, bought at a wholesale value of between 30 and 50 thousand dollars. The fabrics must be suitable for every kind of daytime and evening wear, and must in addition be novel to freshen the jaded eye, and smart, to spur the sophisticated personality.

Dresses are designed on paper and translated into muslin; the muslin designs are corrected and taken apart to serve as patterns for the dress: the dress is fitted to a model and displayed to a buyer; the buyer makes her selection and places her order.

When the order is placed, the original dress is taken to pieces to be the pattern for the "repeat room," where the dress is duplicated as many times and in as many sizes as the buyer decrees.

The process takes six weeks, and the work of tailors, seamstresses, fitters, pressers, cutters, designers, and models. Average pay is \$35 a week. Tailors are more skilled and valuable to the establishment than seamstresses. Models work hardest of all, standing for hours while muslin is fitted to them, taken off, re-fitted; standing again while the dress is finished, showing the new creation to buyers, patiently turning this way and that, walking slowly up and down the room endless times. And always they must keep well-groomed, look fresh, and have their stocking seams straight.



The model dresses to go home, changing her clothes for the hundredth time



The dresses are paraded for the buyers so they can place their individual orders



All photos by Coplan

When the process is nearly complete the dress is fitted on the model

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Protect the Lips

**MARLBORO**  
CIGARETTES

*Marlboro*

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# Books in Review



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## Super-Biology

**MR. JOHN LANGDON-DAVIES** is a biologist. His latest book, "A Short History of the Future," is a brilliant chain of argument. But, as usual in scientific books, there is no mention of the initial mystery: what before the first stage of evolution?

The word "short" used of the future makes one open the book with dread. One's apprehension is confirmed. Mr. Davies contends that the future is bound by Determinism, that is, by the unalterable laws of evolution. He explains it thus: Man is an animal; Mussolini and the amoeba had the same ancestors. Man developed, in the effort to adjust himself to his environment, a rational soul as a tool. This reason is a double-edged tool which can be used to hinder as well as to secure its possessor's survival as a species.

The question of any future is whether mankind will sacrifice the individual reason in favor of social efficiency. Will man be forced by the pressure of unalterable law to sacrifice the individual reason to the social habit? For it is not a matter of choice. If man, as a species, tolerates and encourages individual men in the use of their reason in ways contrary to the imperative needs of the species, man, too, will join the Dinosaurs in the museums of time.

Mr. Davies' states this theme song against reason in the following statement which could appear in a current newspaper and his comment on it:

"Natural causes have again improved the wheat position, when schemes for the artificial raising of prices failed. In 1934 the drought in the United States assisted producers to obtain more remunerative prices, and in 1935 adverse weather conditions in Argentina resulted in a further improvement in the world wheat situation."

Mr. Davies comments: "Let the reader forget all political war cries, let him forget the words capitalism and socialism, let him consider man as an animal organized for victory in the struggle for existence, and let him re-read that paragraph. Is it remotely possible that any social animal can possibly survive if its social organization demands plague, flood, drought and natural disaster so that it shall work; if its farmers are forced to pray for bad weather that they may live?"

Reason will have to be discarded if discarding it gives the community greater survival value.

"A Short History of the Future" contains some extremely interesting prophecies.

"Prophecy 1: War is ultimately inevitable. It will be fought by armies unable to protect civilian populations, against which, from the very first moment, all efforts of the attackers will be aimed. It will be short and involve inevitably the destruction of the governments of both victors and vanquished, if they can be shown either to have promoted it, or to have been criminally negligent in not preventing it.

"Prophecy 2: There will be no war in western Europe for the next five years, because the evolution of the

tools of war has made it impossible to protect civilian populations from destruction. Also, there is communism organized in every country in opposition to capitalist government and ready to take advantage of the decay of capitalism that war would inevitably accelerate. Thus capitalism will keep the peace as long as it can.

"Prophecy 3: Eventually war is inevitable. Rather than be caught in an internal financial crisis governments are likely to try the gambler's last throw and go down in fighting foreigners.

"Prophecy 4: The next war will begin as a holy war between Germany and Japan on the one side and Russia on the other. No capitalist government is going to fight unless there is no alternative but internal bankruptcy and revolution. Italy, Germany, and Japan are the three countries inevitably faced with eventual bankruptcy. Japan must come into conflict with Russia sooner or later or abandon her expansionist policy in Asia.

If Germany can preach a holy war against communism she might get a free hand from England and France to do as she pleases with Russia.

"Prophecy 5: Democracy will be dead by 1950. Every tenet of orthodox nineteenth-century capitalism has been thrown overboard in a desperate effort to save the day: laissez, the free market, rugged individualism, free competition. In their place are combines fixing their prices and their profits, monopolies, trade restrictions, planned economies of every sort. In place of the political compromise called Democracy there is the dictatorship of the most powerful class.

"Prophecy 6: Germany will keep out of war as long as possible, but will finally attack Russia unless checked by England and France, in which case she will become the next great communist state.

"Prophecy 7: The only reply to the menace of dictatorships of the Right is the popular front.

"Prophecy 8: Britain, France and Spain in alliance with Russia and smaller so-called neutral nations will oppose the destroyers of Democracy on the Right.

"Prophecy 9: America will forget all but the catchwords of Democracy and enter into a ruthless period of Fascism."

All this will take place in the Age of Stupidity. We must enter a stage distinguished by the sacrifice of individualism on the altars of the social habit. Then the problems of our age can be solved.

Mr. Davies concludes: "When the social unit behaves in the world of reality in accordance with these inexorable laws, and adds to this behaviour a rich religious consciousness in the world of fantasy, where there exist overbeliefs and values that no microscope or test-tube can ever discover—then we have the social unit that is destined to carry through the impending dark ages the lighted torch of evolving humanity."

"A Short History of the Future," by John Langdon-Davies (Dodd, Mead), \$3.00.

## Understanding Begins at Forty

**IN** A prefatory note Willa Cather explains that "Not Under Forty," the title of her new book of essays, is meant to be "arresting" only in the literal sense, like the signs put up for motorists: "Road Under Repair," etc. It means that the book will have "little interest for people under forty years of age. The world broke in two in 1922, or thereabouts, and the persons and prejudices recalled in these sketches slid back into yesterday's seven thousand years."

What does Miss Cather mean by the world broke in two in 1922? And why can't this generation appreciate persons and prejudices ante-1922?

Only once in the six little essays which make up the book of 147 pages does she speak again of the change which has come over the world: "Not the prep-school boys only are blithe to leave the past untroubled: their instructors pretty generally agree with them. And the retired professors who taught these instructors do not see Shelley plain as they once did. The faith of the elders has been shaken.

"Just how did this change come about, one wonders. When and where were the Arnolds overthrown and the Brownings devaluated? Was it at the Marne? At Versailles, when a new geography was being made on paper? Certainly the literary world which emerged from the war used a new coinage. In England and America the 'Masters' of the last century diminished in stature and pertinence, became remote and shadowy."

The famous persons of the essays we see not directly through the author's eyes (for she never actually met them), but through some chance encounter with a friend or relative of the great persons. They include Gustave Flaubert, Matthew Arnold, Sarah Orne Jewett, and Katherine Mansfield.

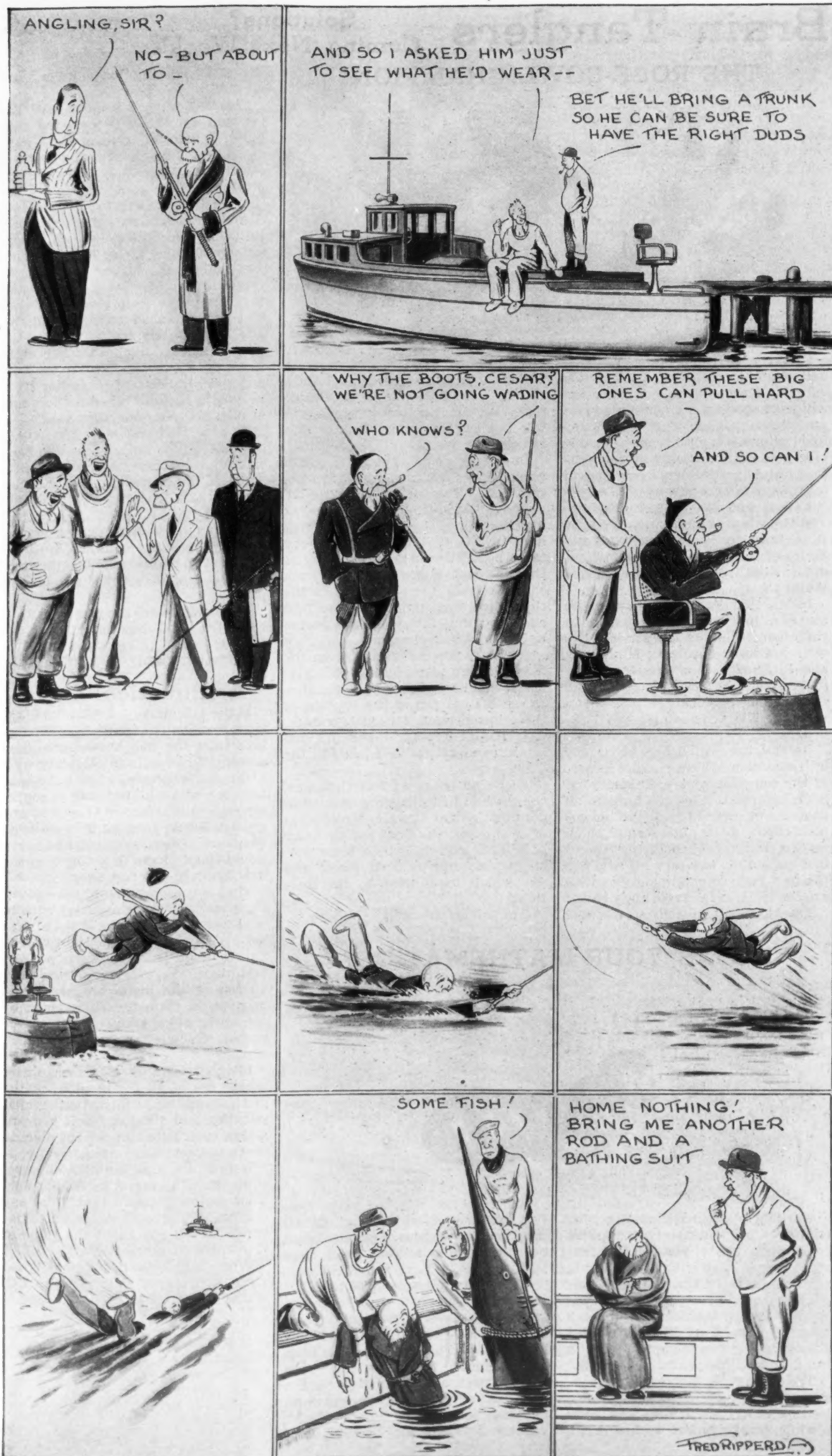
Miss Cather writes of her prejudices for these artists: "We like a writer much as we like individuals; for what he is, simply, underneath his accomplishments."

In another essay she says, "To note an artist's limitations is but to define his talent. A reporter can write equally well about everything that is presented to his view, but a creative writer can do his best only with what lies within the range and character of his deepest sympathies." And along the same line, "Whatever is felt upon the page without being specifically named there, that one might say is created. The qualities of a second-rate writer can easily be defined, but a first-rate writer can only be experienced. It is just the thing in him which escapes analysis that makes him first-rate. One can catalogue all the qualities that he shares with other writers, but the thing that is his very own, his timbre, this cannot be defined or explained any more than the quality of a beautiful speaking voice can be."

We were glad to read of Miss Cather's prejudices, though, being under forty, we could not, of course, fully appreciate them.

"Not Under Forty," by Willa Cather (Knopf), \$2.00.





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## Brain Tanglers Solutions? Coming Next Week!

### THE ROSE-BOWL CHAMPION



By the year 1951 the national football championship had become too valuable a property to entrust to the whims of sports writers and graduate athletic managers. The big money involved made it vital that the champion be determined only by competition, and accordingly post-season tournaments were arranged to decide the East and West championships. The two winners met annually in the Rose Bowl for a two-weeks' World Series of football, the victor in 7 out of the 13 daily games being adjudged World Champion.

In the first Eastern championship tourney, four teams took part in a three-game elimination series. They were Alabama, Fordham, Minnesota, and Pittsburgh. The winners of the first two games met in the third and final game to decide which would meet the Western champion at Pasadena.

Because the results were given only by radio commentators, the records of the tournament are fragmentary. Such information as we have is all that can be gleaned from the incomplete copies of the radio scripts which missed the waste-basket. It is therefore quite a job to figure out who was the first Eastern champion. But here are the facts, as far as we know them:

The colors of the four teams were

blue, crimson, green, and maroon, and their captains were named Andy, Ed, Joe and Larry. However, which team had which color and which captain is one of the things that are none too clear.

One report said that in the final game Larry's team made its only score right after the kick-off, but missed the point after touchdown. Another said that the green team lost to Fordham in the first game, while Joe's team beat Pittsburgh 12-0. It seems that the captain of the maroon team saved it from going scoreless in the third game by making a 52-yard field goal, and that Ed's team was beaten by the undefeated team.

As far as we can gather from the records, Joe's team did not play Alabama, and Larry did not get a chance to see his old friend the captain of the crimson team. Curiously enough, the champion team made but one touchdown and no field goals in the whole series.

That's all there is! Just the same, the football historians did succeed in determining (a) who was the captain of each team; (b) what was the color of each team; (c) which team won each game and by what score; and (d) which team went to the Rose Bowl.

Can you do the same?

## HOW'S YOUR MATHEMATICS?



Working mathematicians, such as engineers, are notoriously susceptible to the ingenuity of puzzles. One reason is that their habits of higher mathematics lead them to over-complication of simple problems. If you were to ask an engineer how much 3 times 50 was, he would whip out his slide-rule and in a moment reply: "A hundred and forty-nine point nine."

The following problem was submitted to a professor of calculus at a leading university. It took him quite a while, but he finally worked it out.

And his answer was wrong! If you keep your wits about you, you should be able to do it in your head. Here it is:

There was a head-on collision of two freight trains on a straight stretch of track. The trains were going so slow—only 10 miles an hour each—that no one was hurt and little damage done. But when they were pulled apart, a wrecker discovered a very curious thing. A bee had been caught, apparently in midflight, exactly between the headlights of

the two opposing locomotives, and crushed.

This led him to wonder how the bee had got there at just that moment, and for the fun of it he supposed that it had been flying between the trains all the time they were approaching one another. By a dispatcher's error, the two trains had started toward one another at exactly the same moment from two points exactly 30 miles apart. They traveled at 10 miles per hour.

Now let's suppose, said the wrecker, that when one train started the bee had been perched on its headlight, and immediately took flight in the same direction, but at a speed of 15 miles per hour. He flew on until he met the headlight of the other train coming in the opposite direction, and at once wheeled and flew back.

By this time the two trains had come closer together, so his trip back was shorter. When he struck the first train he immediately turned and flew back to the second train, now still closer to the first. And he kept this up, flying back and forth over the steadily lessening distance, until at last the two trains came together and crushed him between them for his pains.

Well, wondered the wrecker, that being the case—how far did the bee fly?

Can you tell him?

## Arithmetical Code

If the ten digits, 0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9, were represented by some other figures than the well-known ones, you should still be able to calculate with them. For example, what difference does it make whether zero is represented by the symbol 0 or, say, by the symbol X? As long as X were used wherever a zero were intended, you would simply have to get used to the new figure in order to use it.

That is the principle of the following puzzle. It is an ordinary sum in long division, but letters of the alphabet are used instead of the familiar figures. Each letter represents a certain digit wherever it appears, and all ten of the digits are used. The problem is, from the clues given by the arithmetical arrangement, to figure out which letter represents which digit.

Long division is used because it makes use of all the steps in arithmetic: addition, subtraction, multiplication and division. See if you can assign each letter its correct digit to make the sum come out correctly.

Here is a sample clue: In the first subtraction, T from A leaves nothing. That obviously means that T has one carried, so T is one less than A. What does this tell you about the value of C in the next subtraction?

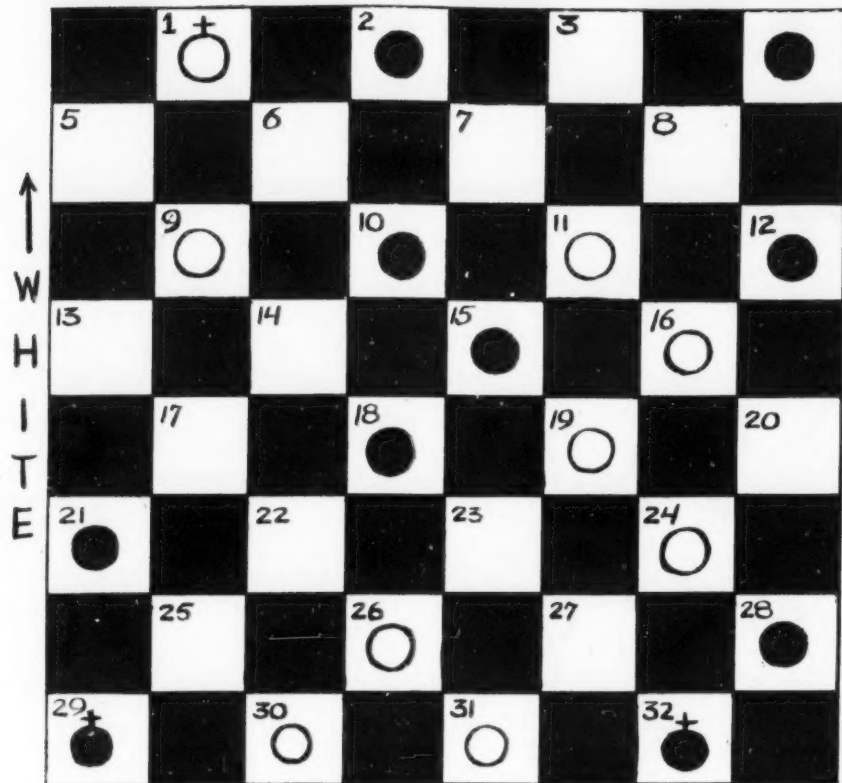
When each letter has been assigned its digit, arranged in order from 1 to 0 they will spell a ten-letter word.

NUR) AYOLS (OON  
TCA  
ASL  
TCA  
COAS  
CYTT  
OYT



## 'ROUND THE CRACKER BARREL

BLACK



WHITE

WHITE TO MOVE AND WIN IN EIGHT MOVES

### A Checkers Problem

Slim Springtittle was the acknowledged checker champion of Muskrat County. So when Amos Ogledame, the silk stocking salesman from the city asked the boys around the cracker barrel in Whittlestix's store whether anyone would like to take him on for a game, no one changed expression. They grinned inwardly as Slim stepped forward and the game began.

Ogledame turned out to be no mean checker player himself. He quickly got Slim into a pretty tight corner. Old Whittlestix groaned when he looked over the board at the moment illustrated in our diagram. It looked bad for Slim, who was playing white. He could make scarcely a move without losing a man. But it was his move and it was up to him.

Of course you remember your checkers. The pieces move on the white squares only, one square at a time in the direction indicated. Kings, however, can move forward or backward. When a jump is possible, the rule is that it must be made.

Well, Slim made his move. And when the dust cleared, after eight moves, he had won the game. Every move that Ogledame, playing black, made was forced by Slim, playing white. How did Slim do it—in eight moves?

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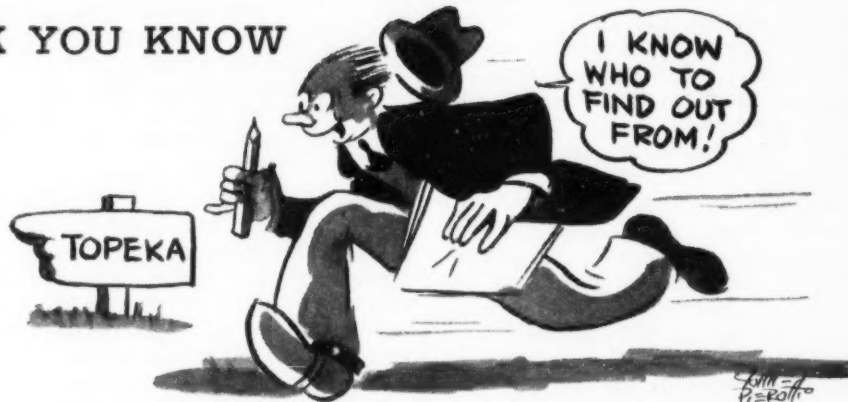
## THINGS YOU THINK YOU KNOW

Everyone has a store of miscellaneous information. How is yours? Is it very extensive? If it is, how much of it is accurate, how much vague and indefinite?

The following ten statements are an effective test of your private collection of odd facts. Each statement may be either true or false. If it is true, put a plus sign (+) in the space before the question's number. If it is false, put down a zero (0). If you don't know, leave it blank.

Score: plus 1 for each correct answer; minus 1 for each incorrect answer; zero for each question unanswered. Perfect score plus 10; good score plus 5. Let's go:

- Every fourth year is a leap-year.
- There are twenty-one amendments to the U. S. Constitution.
- George Washington was born



on February 11, 1732.

- "Thumbs down" was the gesture used by the Roman populace to indicate that a gladiator should be put to death.
- If you should flip a coin "heads" nine times in a row, the odds on flipping the tenth "heads" would be even money.
- The President is not elected

by the people of the United States.

- Robert Fulton invented the steamboat.
- National Prohibition was adopted in 1918.
- "Obnoxious" means the same as "liable."
- Charlemagne was not a French king.

## WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Anagrams, as everyone knows, are words or phrases whose letters have been scrambled up and rearranged to mean something else. But the real trick is to have the anagram or rearrangement itself have some meaning that bears directly upon the original word. For example, one of the classic anagrams is: **THEY SEE**. The answer, arrived at by rearranging the same letters used in the anagram, is: "The eyes."

The following are anagrams of the names of certain very well-known persons. In each case the meaning of the anagram as you see it here, when pondered a while, should give

a clue to the name of the individual. If that seems to get you nowhere fast, just try rearranging the letters ad lib., and see what you get.

- U BOSS'M IN ONE TOIL** (a foreign political figure)
- O, MIND'S A HOT SEA** (a late great American)
- AH, CHILL IN CAPER** (an actor)
- VOTER HERO, HERB** (the opposite is true)
- Y'L RENT COLUMBIA HURRAS** (an educator)
- WE ARE WISE; END WALLS** (a penologist)
- HAS FLINT HATES ON ROME** (an ex-political figure, American)





# How Did You Get Through the Week?

By Charles B. Driscoll

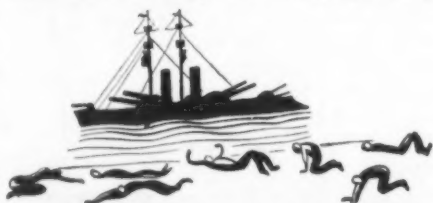
THE pen is mightier than the sword, at least in Japan. . . . But England will not go to war with those islanders over the torture of British sailors with fountain pens by Japanese cops. No, nor would she fight if the police of Korea or Tulsa should rack whole squads of British sailors. . . . Reason: the British navy is seriously infected with bolshevism, and the big boys in the cocked hats don't know whether the young men will stand to the guns when they're told to do so. . . . Time was when no nation in the world was strong or daring enough to squirt ink under the thumbnails of a mess-boy on the lowliest tender in the Royal Navy and every ship afloat had to dip col-



ors to His Majesty's flag. But those days, like bustles and miniature golf, have gone forever. . . . Radicalism begins at sea, and spreads along the waterfront. It always has been so. Now why is that? Well, have you ever been at sea for a long stretch? The great, round ocean seems really important, if you're out there without any telephone. As for changing established things, why, yes, you wouldn't mind. Only the ocean is changeless. It will remain. And if you experiment with a riot or two ashore, and don't like the result, well, you can always go to sea again. . . . Men who have been much out of sight of land do not hold life above all else, as do landmen. And the sea gives heroes, such as JOHN PAUL JONES. . . . How puny seem all politicians and glorified jobholders, compared with men like JONES or DECATUR! And I could name two dozen pirates with more heroic stuff in them than you can find in all the tax consumers that have been supported by Americans during the last ten or a hundred years. . . . DR. JAGENDORF, who makes my teeth stop aching when they ache, is a pacifist. So am I. I hope you know what a pacifist is? Well, to be exact, a person who prefers peace to war. . . . So we were talking about allergy, current hobby of the medicos, and I was telling him proudly of my constitutional intolerance for iodine. Even a drop of it in a gallon of water will make me ill, and a strong swipe of it renders me unconscious, which is not such a bad

idea. . . . Said JAGENDORF, *I wish someone would discover something that would give the American people a constitutional intolerance for war!* . . . And there's an idea for a short story, ready made . . . yours for the taking. . . . An ailment spreads through the country. People are violently nauseated at sight of marching soldiers, and many faint upon reading about preparations for war. The malady increases; thousands drop dead at sight of a battleship. . . . Well, you finish it and collect the money!

But, speaking of peace, I have a friend, an artist, GEORGE MARCOUX by name. Due to certain professional matters, I see a good deal of him, and have heard some of his story. . . . He says, *In the next war they can take me out and shoot me when the draft begins.* . . . I say nothing, and he looks fiercely at me. *You don't believe it? But I spent nine years in hospitals and peddling myself around to clinics and no-good government doctors after the last war.* . . . And he tells me he dreams of a new draft, and his trying to tell the officers that he has done all the fighting he is going to do for his country, and finally shouting aloud in his sleep, *Take me out and shoot me now!* . . . Oh, that's terrible! Yes, gentle reader, I am a pacifist, and you may go and tell the Chief of Police. . . . I lived, one recent summer, in an apartment adjoining that occupied by my friends, FRANK MARKEY and NEIL VANDERBILT, in Hollywood. NEIL won't mind my telling this, to emphasize the point for peace. He has been beset with frightful nightmares, ever since his service in France. He sees again the most horrible scenes, which decorum forbids even hinting at, but they recreate what he has actually witnessed in war. Night after night, he awakes in cold sweat, turns on the light, and reads until morning, or goes driving until the sun comes up. . . . Well, when I say I'm a pacifist, I mean that I'd rather you wouldn't do that to our young men and to my young daughters. . . . And I heard the other day about a Russian who was in this country on secret business. I cannot identify him more closely. He said, *We have*



*chemicals capable of killing every person in Japan in two hours, and of rendering the soil of Japan completely barren for twenty years. We have four thousand planes equipped to distribute these chemicals.* . . . This I can say for the encouragement of the KING OF ENGLAND: I have observed that an individual who has been married three times

often makes an ideal mate. The reason is simple. A person begins to feel self-conscious about his matrimonial talents after two failures. He says, *It's up to me to make good this time, or else!* He begins to think maybe



it might be partly his fault and now he'll exercise all the patience and all the virtues. You'd be surprised how many people I know who are happily married to a third-timer. . . . And I who testify have been married joyously for 18 years to the only girl I ever thought of marrying.

FRANKLIN ROOSEVELT is now unquestionably the most powerful ruler in the world, with the greatest opportunity to put his ideas into effect that has ever confronted any big boss. . . . I don't follow the general notion that he's a miracle man. Everybody has remarked that straw votes were completely discredited by the late election, and that's quite true. I have always been an unbeliever in surveys, having observed many and helped make some. . . . But what has not been remarked so loudly is that a reappraisal of what was known as *the power of the press* is being made in the public mind. More than eighty percent of the newspapers were against ROOSEVELT, and nearly all the big papers were aligned in bitter denunciation of the New Deal. . . . The Atlanta Journal stood conspicuous among the big, respectable dailies of the outlands, in supporting the President and his policies. . . . Now what will people think? Is the daily press perhaps a little less powerful in forming public opinion than it was in the days of GREELEY, BENNETT, DANA and PULITZER? And if so, why?

ROY HOWARD in person tells the story of the false armistice in a chapter in WEBB MILLER'S new book, *I Found No Peace*. The book is good, and the title doesn't refer to HOWARD'S peace of November 6, 1918. . . . I was working in the New York office of the United Press in those days, and ran down three flights of stairs to get telegraph op-

erators out of the barrooms to flash the false news over the land. HUGH BAILLIE, bureau manager, was yelling like mad for operators. I then went out to do a color story of the insane crowds. . . . But the really historic scene was when HOWARD returned from the war and peace, days later. The country had been raging against him, and some clients hadn't been too happy when the news had had to be swallowed. . . . BILL HAWKINS, in charge, had gone into a nervous decline which eventually put him to bed. But he stayed around, red-eyed and shaky, awaiting ROY'S arrival, and begging everyone to be enthusiastic and show no signs of strain or humiliation. MR. HOWARD would be so broken up about the whole thing anyway, and might really be ill. . . . And when ROY walked in, twirling his stick, smiling triumphantly, beaming success and pride, you could have knocked the whole staff over with a straw ballot. . . . I used to think in those days, *If only ROY had size, nothing could keep him from becoming the outstanding figure of all journalism.* . . . He was the kind of fellow who really needed size, and he was almost tiny. . . . Later I met HERBERT BAYARD SWOPE, who has the size, good looks, the winning way, and knows about newspapering. But I'm afraid SWOPE made too much money too early in life, so that he didn't have to bother. . . . It's hard to sit up late and make the presses go 'round if your horses



all come in with their noses away out ahead, so I don't blame HERB, but I'm sorry. . . . While politics is a bit quiet, let's go find LINDBERGH. A smart country would make him Secretary of Aviation. . . . AL SMITH is our generation's most conspicuous political casualty. Say what you will about him, I consider him one of the greatest of all the Americans . . . and I think he is one of the most unhappy of them, too. . . . RAYMOND MOLEY has the longest nose I have ever seen in public. With WALTER HAMPDEN'S dramatic genius, what a CYRANO he would make! . . . I move that we let the Germans under ECKENER build our airships. Nearly all countries have built rigid lighter-than-air ships, but those of German manufacture are still aloft. . . . There is only one course of life that is worse than trying to be somebody else . . . and that is trying to make other people be you.



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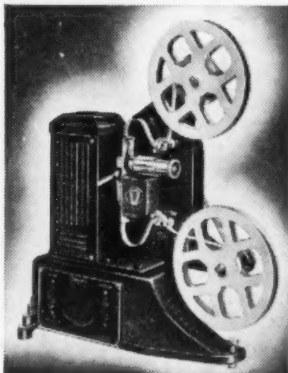
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When you buy a UniveX Cine "8" you're not getting some "blind article" but a precision-built movie camera that is nationally known and nationally advertised at the cash price \$9.95. When you buy it from us you get it by paying only 10c a day (which includes a small carrying charge).

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The UniveX Cine "8" is accompanied by written guarantee bond of the Universal Camera Corporation—the largest unit manufacturers of cameras in the world. This bond accompanies your camera and protects you against any and every mechanical defect for a period of one year. In addition it is sold by us with an absolute money-back guarantee that if it does not live up to your highest expectations you can return it and we will refund your money without question or argument. You yourself are the judge and jury! Don't delay any longer! Start enjoying the thrills that come with owning a fine movie camera. Doubly enjoyable when you can buy it for 1/3 the price of other 8 mm. cameras and on the easy 10c a day plan. Mail coupon today for free literature illustrating and describing this sensational UniveX Cine "8" Movie Camera and giving complete details of our easy 10c a day plan—\$3.00 a month.

National Camera Exchange, Inc., Dept. 40, 1270 Sixth Ave. New York, N.Y.

Compare these features WITH ANY \$30.00 CAMERA!

### AMAZING UNIVEX FEATURES

1. Only movie camera using 60c film roll. Means lowest cost of operation.
2. Lightest weight. Only 16 oz.
3. Sturdy construction. All aluminum non-breakable body. Will last a lifetime.
4. Easy to load and unload.
5. Foolproof. Anyone can take movies with UniveX Cine "8".
6. Univar precision f 5.6 lens.
7. Lens equipment interchangeable.
8. Pictures screen up to 4 1/2 ft. x 6 ft.



UniveX Cine "8" showing its sleek streamlined body. Note the self-reading exposure table on the camera.



View showing—Winding key—Release button—Detachable lens barrel—View finder—Footage indicator.



Easy to load and unload. Even a child can take movies with this sensational UniveX Cine "8".

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**DON'T DELAY! MAIL COUPON TODAY!**

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Without obligation on my part send me free literature describing the new UniveX Movie Equipment and complete details of your liberal 10c a day plan.

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If you want the movie equipment immediately and prefer to buy for cash enclose check or money-order with coupon. \$9.95 for UniveX Cine "8"—\$12.50 for UniveX Projector. We pay all delivery charges. If not completely satisfied, you can return purchase within 2 weeks and money will be refunded.